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Behind the Ranges

"Something hidden; go and find it;
Go and look behind the ranges . . ."

Behind the Ranges

Parentheses of Travel by

F. G. Aflalo

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"Non sum uni angulo natus; patria mea totus hic est mundus."

Preface

THERE is a discrepancy between the contents of this volume and the promise of its title, which may seem to lay me open to the charge of inveigling the reader under false pretences, so I hasten to admit that such commonplace travel as has fallen to my lot during the past twenty years is obviously foreign to what Rudyard Kipling had in mind when he wrote what for me is the most inspiring couplet in all his verse. It is in the spirit, rather than in the letter, that I have obeyed that ringing summons, and my tourist trails over five continents must seem hackneyed ground indeed to those who take their travel seriously.

When Arthur Young distinguished two modes of writing travels—to register the journey itself, or to comment on its results—he may have overlooked other methods of treatment, but at least he drew the straight line between the often dull veracity of the diary and the more picturesque inaccuracy of retrospect with no such check on its imagery. It is the happy fashion of reminis-

cence to record, like the sundial, only the serene hours, rarely "dallying in maudlin regret over the past"; and this unclouded optimism of retrospect often prejudices cooler judgment and bathes other scenes and other climates in rose tints brighter than the reality. Though sharing the opinion of Coryat, that "of all the pleasures in the world, travell is the sweetest and most delightfull," I have kept before myself and the reader its drawbacks as well as its delights, its duststorms as well as its sunsets, its mosquitoes as well as its butterflies, its illusions as well as the joy of it.

For the eternal *ego* in these pages apology is freely offered; and indeed, if I, who have had to put up with more than forty years of my own company in every corner of the globe, the one fragment of home from which there was no getting away, cannot sympathise profoundly with those who find far too much of me in these chapters, who should? Yet it would have been difficult in any other fashion to have recalled a hundred thousand miles of travel with the same companion, and I can only ask the charity of those who find in these reminiscences more of my company than they bargained for.

Preface

Although the book has been entirely rewritten, portions of some of the essays have appeared in other form. Thus "Rivers Running to their Goal" is based on an article which first appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and fragments of some others appeared in *The Field*, *Chambers's Journal*, *The Outlook*, and *Travel and Exploration*. I am sincerely grateful to the editors and publishers for their kind permission to make use of the material. As regards the photographs, I could find but one in my own collection which suited the purpose of the book. For most of those reproduced I am indebted to Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, who, with great kindness, searched among her unique collection of beautiful negatives for the subjects needed; for one I have to thank Colonel Gorgas, the medical officer in charge of the mosquito-reduction operations in the Isthmus of Panama; for another I am under obligation to Mr. Wallis, of Bishop's Teignton, and for the remaining one to Mr. H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., and the Autotype Company.

F. G. A.

TEIGNMOUTH, *Midsummer*, 1911.

Contents

		PAGE
	PREFACE	9
1.	TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATION	17
2.	THE REFORM OF THE TOURIST	41
3.	A GRUMBLER IN THE TRAIN	55
4.	THE VOYAGE	77
5.	CAKES AND ALE	111
6.	THE HIGH PLACES	127
7.	THE VOICE OF THE MOSQUITO	143
8.	THE FISHERMAN'S MERCATOR	165
9.	NATIVE SERVANTS IN MANY LANDS	179
10.	THE MORNING BATHE	205
11.	RIVERS RUNNING TO THEIR GOAL	221
12.	SUNSHINE AND SHADOW OF TRAVEL	251
	ENVOI	281

List of Illustrations

"SOMETHING HIDDEN; GO AND FIND IT;
GO AND LOOK BEHIND THE RANGES . . ." *Frontispiece*

To face page

"THRONED ON HER HUNDRED ISLES" 17

"LIKE BRUTE BEASTS THAT HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING" 41

"GOING BY RAILROAD I DO NOT CONSIDER AS TRAVELLING AT ALL" 55

"I WILL GO BACK TO THE GREAT SWEET MOTHER,
MOTHER AND LOVER OF MEN, THE SEA" 77

"*A tavola ronda non si contende*" 111

"*Ueber allen Gipfeln*
Ist Ruh" 127

"*Sicut in stagno generantur vermes*" 143

"ANGLING IS SOMEWHAT LIKE POETRY; MEN ARE TO BE BORN SO" 165

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" 179

"*Del agua mansa me guarde Dios*" 205

"IN THE INNOCENCE OF ITS HEART" 221

"GOOD HORSES MAKE SHORT MILES" 251

"SLEEP AFTER TOYLE, PORT AFTER STORMIE SEAS,
EASE AFTER WARRE, DEATH AFTER LIFE, DOES GREATLY PLEASE" 281

"Throned on her hundred isles."

Travel as an Education

THE death of Sir Charles Dilke in January set me thinking of the lasting gain to him and to his country of that early tour of the world, which resulted not only in two books of first importance, but also in that breadth of view on questions of native treatment and overseas defence which so often lent rare distinction to debates in the House of Commons. It took my thoughts back also to a long interview that I had with him in Sloane Street twelve years earlier, when, referring generally to Mediterranean questions, and more particularly to the affairs of Morocco, to which I was just then going on a prolonged tour, he astonished me, even though I had been prepared for surprises, by his encyclopædic knowledge of the subject. Too few members of our present House of Commons travel widely by way of preparation for the public life. There is a greater proportion of travellers in the other Chamber, but I refrain from praising them for fear of giving offence to those severe folk who still apparently regard the bulk of our

representative peers as conforming to the same standards of education and intelligence as in the reign of Edward VI, when an Act of Parliament allowed "benefit of clergy" for a first offence to such peers as could not read!

The Grand Tour is no longer regarded, as in the days of Addison and Disraeli, as part and parcel of the education of every young man of birth and position. There are, indeed, many Englishmen who uphold the verdict of Sancho Panza that men might, instead of travelling, learn as much by staying dryshod at home. In a measure, no doubt, this is true, but only in so far as it indicates that attentive men would learn more at home than careless observers on their travels. In other words, a wise man would find more wisdom in the *Thousand and One Nights* than a fool would see in *Ecclesiastes*. Yet there is much to be said for the Grand Tour as it was performed in those days. Its vogue became general about a century and a half ago, at a period of which Lecky tells us,[1] quoting a contemporary writer of 1772:—

> Where one Englishman travelled in the reigns of the first two Georges, ten now go on a Grand Tour. Indeed, to such a pitch is the spirit of travelling come in the kingdom, that there is scarce a citizen of large fortune but takes a flying view of France, Italy, and Germany in a summer's excursion.

[1] *England in the Eighteenth Century.*

To this may be added the testimony of Gibbon, who was told, though he found it difficult to believe, that during the summer of 1783 upwards of forty thousand English people (servants included) were travelling on the Continent.

The foregoing quotation strikes a note of disparagement, but many leading statesmen and writers of the day did not disdain the advantages of a tour abroad, and among the illustrious names which occur in this connection are those of Addison, Horace Walpole, Gray, Macaulay, and Disraeli. The effect of such an experience varies, as might be expected, with the man. Of Gray, Mr. Edmund Gosse writes: "The happy frivolities of France and Italy . . . made him bright and human." Addison, at the age of twenty-seven, obtained, mainly through the influence of Montague, a Crown pension of £300 to enlarge his experience by Continental travel in France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland. In his *Remarks on Italy*, always in those days the supreme objective of the Grand Tour, he praises that country, not only for its music and painting, but also for the opportunities which it then offered for the study of various forms of government. Not for another hundred and fifty years was the Italian nation to unite with its cry of '*Vogliamo l' Italia una!*' It is commonly alleged, as one of its

drawbacks, that foreign travel lessens a man's sympathy with his own land; but can anyone familiar with Sir Roger de Coverley admit for one moment that Addison's experiences abroad affected his pride in England? Walpole, at the age of twenty-two, made an extended tour through Paris, Reims, Geneva, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and Venice; then, returning by sea from Genoa to France, he travelled overland by way of Orleans. Macaulay, who had previously spent three official years in India, made, in the thirty-eighth year of his life, an enjoyable tour in Italy. Disraeli has left an account of his travels in letters to his father and sister, and these are full of shrewd observations on men and lands, with many passages of florid description of scenery, of which perhaps the most characteristic is that of the Bosphorus:—

> Conceive the ocean not broader than the Thames at Gravesend, with shores with all the variety and beauty of the Rhine, covered with palaces, mosques, villages, groves of cypress and woods of Spanish chestnuts; the view of the Euxine at the end is the most sublime thing I can remember.

Reference has been made to the allegation that travel puts a man out of conceit with his own homeland. Before considering some of the benefits, it may be as well to examine how much of truth

there is in this view, the classical expression of which is, of course, that in *As You Like It*:—

> Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are.

This fear, that the sympathies might be weaned from home, moved the great Lord of Burleigh to refuse all permit for foreign travel unless the applicant could first satisfy the Council that he knew sufficient of his own country. As a matter of fact, it is based on complete misconception of the truth, and those who share it are, for the most part, stay-at-home folk who can breathe only in the narrow atmosphere which surrounds the parish pump. If travel does anything, it engenders a closer affection for the motherland. Sydney Smith wrote to Lady Holland, when urging her to return home:—

> I have heard five hundred travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House.

George Turberville, Secretary to the Embassy to the Tsar in 1568, wrote home to his friends:—

> Live still at home and covet not
> These barbarous coasts to see.

It would be easy, but could serve no useful purpose, to multiply quotations almost indefinitely

in proof of the fact that travel, whether a master passion or a casual habit, makes the average Englishman more appreciative of his own home. The humble cottage and stately mansion may at times seem dull to those whose eyes know no other scenes, and we even see the word "homely" used (in the old country, though never in Canada, where it has far too sacred a meaning) to denote that which is plain and commonplace. Yet it is the burning days on camel-back beneath the palms, or the freezing tramps in snow-boots amid the pines, which bring the conviction of all that English country life is worth to those who have lost it. True, the appetite for travel is apt to grow with what it feeds on. Those only should indulge it who do not thereby shirk their obligations at home. It may breed discontent of a fixed residence. He who travels much acquires unrest as second nature. *Rast' ich, so rost' ich!* is his motto, and he finds rest only when on the move. This, no doubt, pushed to extremes, is an undesirable frame of mind, yet it contrasts not disagreeably with the opposite exaggeration of restfulness in some folks who seem to envy the snail that carries its house on its back and who, with the means and leisure to see the great world, are content to spend all their life in the village until they make their one short journey to the churchyard.

Travel as an Education

An appreciation of scenery is perhaps the greatest boon of travel, and with it goes the fuller reading of the atlas. For the eye that cannot see, there is little meaning in a map, even though it embody all the skill of the cartographer and all the latest results of survey work with theodolite and chronometer. Very little has to do duty for much that is of necessity left to the imagination. Its symbols are so crowded that the fuller understanding is possible only to them that read between the lines. To the stay-at-home the map is a flat blank, but to the traveller it is as a page out of his diaries. The inch of caterpillar which stands for a mountain range recalls breathless climbs and glorious views. The worm-like symbol of a river brings back the flash of trout and the paddling of canoes. The little loop showing the site of some great city is vibrant with the roar of traffic or with the hum of bazaars. That is how a map should be read, but how it rarely is.

Blessed are they with whom the worship of scenery is a creed. Those for whom the old gods live again will not find them wreathed in the smoke of cities, but must seek them in the woods and mountains and by the river, dancing to the pipes of Pan far from civilisation. So only may they chance on gentle Daphne hiding in the laurels, or boastful Arachne toiling at her web. For them,

the sickle moon, hurrying across the midnight sky, is still Diana's chariot; for them, the tide rushing up some narrow estuary is still the impetuous Neptune hot on the trail of the nymph. Those who have in their soul the worship of tremendous things in nature are a brotherhood apart, yet they should feel no conceit of themselves, but rather give thanks for their faculties. There are thousands in whom scenery evokes no response. They would face the turmoil of Niagara with a shrug and only wonder why it never ceases. Others, only a little less callous, give the same faint praise of ill-chosen superlatives to the beauties of nature as they would to the works of art. To them there is no difference between the Canyon of Arizona and the Venus of the Capitol, the Madonna of del Sarto, or an oratorio by Handel. They confuse the miracles of nature with the achievement of the artist, forgetting that, while it was man who carved the Taj Mahal, it was God who painted sunrise on the Himalaya.

He who worships scenery has joys that the blind, even though they have eyes that see, can never know. He can sit entranced before Niagara, his ears filled with the music of its voice, his eyes dazzled by the iridescence of its spray, and the madding crowd seems very far, for to those who have been face to face with Nature the affairs of man are

but a trouble of ants. I remember coming from a solitary camp on the shores of Huron, where a single Redskin had been my companion night and day, to Montreal in all the pomp and circumstance of its Eucharistic Congress. The "Rome of the West" was all agog over the speeches of Cardinal Vanutelli and Father Bernard Vaughan. Father Vaughan was angry with someone—no unusual mood with him—and the city took him very seriously. Yet to me, fresh from the silent witchery of the Great Lakes, and the peaceful company of my morose Algonquin, his purple anger seemed very trivial. In those wild scenes it seemed to me that I had come a little closer to the eternal mystery of the Creation than was possible in that press of jewelled prelates.

There is, in all scenery, nothing more baffling, more lovable, more human than a river. Sitting beside the dreamy Nile, or creeping Mississippi, or sacred Jordan, or tumultuous Rhone, a man may realise the beauty of those old legends of the river-gods, of Achelöus and Scamander, swift to avenge themselves on all and sundry who insulted their divinity.

How appalling is the majesty of the mountains, how soothing the mystery of the lake! Worship of scenery, as taught by travel, is always informed with sense of the passing seasons. Only in the

equatorial jungle does the pageant of the year leave no glaring trail. The same birds seem to sing, the same flowers to bloom, in January as in June, and it would take one born in the land to tell the month at a glance. Elsewhere Nature holds two services for her worshippers. The vast Canadian prairie is at one season a waving sea and at another a frozen ocean. The quiet English woodlands are one day shaded by leafy trees and full of the music of travelled birds; on another, the exotic music is gone south, the boughs are leafless, the pale winter sun comes through a lattice on the frozen outworks of the rabbit and the fox.

Nor will those who keenly realise the personality of scenery miss the influence of weather. How different is the river smiling under cloudless skies or frowning back at the gathering storm! The mountain-tops, last seen in the lingering touch of an August dawn, are hardly recognisable silhouetted against the winter greyness that tells of more snow to come. The purple moor, warm in a June sunset, can scarcely be the same as that which stretched dour and uninviting in a driving blizzard. Mountain or moorland, lake, river or sea, all are adorable, and all meet some answering mood in those whom such things move. To the rest they bring no message. These would rather rest their eyes on a London square or Paris boulevard than

on the Rhone Glacier or Yosemite Valley. They would rather hear the clamour of street organs than the carolling of wild birds; sooner smell the sickly perfume of hothouse blooms than the sweet scent of young violets. These have no soul for Nature, in which one often sees the infinitely great in the infinitesimally small. They find more wonder in a square of Mechlin lace than in a spider's web. A cathedral steeple fills them with more reverence than the majesty of the Matterhorn. To those more blest, the magic of Nature is irresistible, and travel brings the fullest enjoyment of its spell. It drew Livingstone to Darkest Africa. It called Peary to the frozen North. Other motives they had, no doubt, but love of the wild was the real magnet. Ice of the arctic or steam of the jungle; Far Eastern aisles of giant teak echoing the melancholy dirge of the hooluck, or Canadian sanctuaries of spruce, with timid moose peeping from the slippery banks of salmon rivers—here, everywhere is the roofless temple in which willing worshippers may look through Nature up to Nature's God.

The Englishman who would bend the knee to Nature needs not travel across the seas. In the Lake Country, in the valley of the Wye, on the Devonshire moors and Cornish cliffs, in the wild mountains of Scotland and amid the dreamy

peace of Broadland, he has variety enough to last a lifetime. Is there, anywhere else in all the world, scenery quite like that seen from the Cornish cliffs, home of the cormorant and puffin, with the blue threshold of the ocean in front and in the background lean pastures and deserted mines? The tameness of our Channel coast begins west of Brighton and reaches unto Dorset. To Calais and Dieppe we show towering white cliffs. Then, after the pine-clad sandhills of Hampshire and the sterner chalk round Lulworth Cove, come the red earth of Devon and the granite walls of Cornwall, which is to its western neighbour, on the south at any rate, as Snowdon to Primrose Hill. The handshake of wave and rock is staged in a grim setting. Foreshore there is not, save on the few sandy beaches, as much as would give refuge to a canoe, and the boundary between land and water is so abrupt that the guillemot guards her egg on beetling ledges from which she can drop sheer into deep water. The birds are part and parcel of the scenery: gulls screaming as the skuas rob them of their pilchards; shags drying their wings on the rocks; choughs following the plough; jackdaws hopping among the stunted campion on the cliffs. The summer seas are calm, yet not with the deathly calm of southern latitudes. Few craft hug the land by day, for the

boats hereabouts are engaged in fishing, and the harvest of the Cornish seas is gathered only after dark, so that the red-winged fleet creeps out of the little harbour only when the sun is down behind the Manacles. Silence is the music of this Cornish scenery; sadness its spirit. There is something in it that is essentially un-English. These unflinching seawalls recall rather some half-forgotten corner of Brittany. The fisher-folk are a race apart, and their home is a home of legend, a mystic land of giants and pixies, of saints and sinners, of fable and fancy dating back to the days of the Round Table and the age of a chivalry that is fled.

It is difficult, even for those who love scenery, to realise its instability. Only within the limits of the earthquake zone is its permanence visibly contested. The casual eye sees finality in the mountains, in the valleys, in the plains. River and lake, being subject to the variation of flood and drought, are less suggestive of eternity. The actual truth is that the mightiest ranges, handiwork of marine animals visible only under the microscope, have come into being since the first quadrupeds roamed the plains in search of food. Rivers change their courses, lakes dry up, continents are joined and sundered, seas overrun the land or recede to lay bare fresh areas for the use

of man. Scenery, then, is but a phase of the moment and has no endurance. This consideration is of the first importance in its bearing on the so-called migration of faunas within the bounds of geological time. It is only when we begin to realise that not only the faunas migrated, but their whole environment with them, that we come nearer to the dimmest understanding of so tremendous a subject as the ancient history of animals.

The lessons taught by travel are many, but the success of its teaching depends, like that of most schools, on the pupil. There are so many kinds of travellers. Sterne enumerated eleven, and he might have doubled the number, including the intelligent, sympathetic, and observant. Those who follow Byron's advice and travel only for amusement will learn no more than Sterne's noblemen, who bought two chaises to go the Grand Tour and got no further than Paris. That the spirit of the Grand Tour is not yet dead may be gathered from the fashion of sending heirs-apparent to the thrones of Europe on their travels. King George unquestionably owes much of his ready grasp of Colonial problems to his tour of the Empire when he was Prince of Wales. The Crown Prince of Germany, following in his illustrious sire's footsteps, has acquired from his

Travel as an Education

Asiatic travels much experience that will stand him in good stead when he sits on the throne of the Hohenzollern. For those in humbler walks of life the school of travel has so wide a curriculum that it is not easy to define its limits. At any rate, it offers classes, elementary and advanced, in the virtues of self-help and coolness in emergency, of minding your own business, of tolerance and of observation.

Travel is a wonderful sharpener of the wits. There are folks who, never moving out of their native shire, do not know enough to come in when it rains. They are like fowls trying to cross a road in front of traffic, hesitating, wavering, without resource. It is not so often a case of danger as of discomfort. I remember on one occasion finding myself stranded in the city of Washington for some days with six shillings in my pocket. This, at the outset of a well-planned trip of three months in the Western Hemisphere, was disconcerting, but such *contretemps* will occur on the best-regulated holidays. This one arose out of the refusal of an hotel clerk to cash my cheque, and the delay was occasioned by the fact that it was a Saturday, in consequence of which my banker at home could not get my cablegram until the Monday. Ten years earlier so awkward a situation would have depressed me. Indeed, I

recollect being dismayed, ten years earlier, when I found myself in Sydney and learnt for the first time the insolvency of a colonial publishing house in which I had a financial interest at the time. Thanks, however, to the teachings of the road, I spent a very pleasant time at Washington, living on the best that the New Willard's Hotel could offer, and even visiting President Roosevelt at the White House, where, to his amusement, I told him of my plight. Nor were my troubles over with the receipt of my cablegram at home and the prompt despatch of funds to meet the situation. Apprised by telephone of the arrival of my money, within an hour or two of the departure of my train for Carolina on the Monday evening, I went to the bank on Pennsylvania Avenue to claim it, and was there asked for proof of my identity before they would hand me the notes. Proof of my identity! Could anything look simpler and be more difficult? In vain I showed them the inscription inside a presentation watch. In vain I produced visiting-cards, letters, a signet-ring, and such other evidence as lay to my hand. The head clerk was bland, but firm, evidently imbued with the conviction that I had murdered myself and appropriated my own personal belongings. Then I did the best thing of all. I lost my temper, and vowed that, as the President was the

only man in all Washington who knew me, I should, ignoring the fact that it was close on his dinner hour, go right back to the White House and lay before him the obtuseness of the bank clerk. For some reason or other, this had the desired effect, and, after signing all manner of receipts and discharges, I was graciously allowed to take my own money in twenty-dollar bills.

Another case of emergency, also in America, which comes back to my mind, is one in which I claim less credit for my sangfroid, since the trouble was none of mine, so that my bravery was rather like the coolness with which a crowd watches firemen risk their lives in a burning building. A lady, who happened to be travelling in the same car on a small line out west, was in terrible trouble, having suddenly seen, when changing trains, that the trunk containing her jewellery had burst open, being held only by a knot of box-rope. With a forethought not unusual in her sex, she had, at the last moment, slipped her valuables into the tray, "so as to have them handy." They certainly were handy—of that there could be no doubt. With a resolute perversion of the truth, for which I have since admired myself, I set about comforting her, vowing that cases of pilferage on American baggage-cars were practically unheard of. The baggage-men, I vowed, might be rough,

but were invariably honest. (May God and the baggage-men forgive me!) She dried her tears. She even smiled. She was one of those women whose smile is like a psalm. As the train drew near our common destination, I trembled for the result. If I were to prove a false prophet, I had better have gone further. For once, however, the Fates were kind. A hurried dash was made for the trunk the moment it was out of the train, and there, in the very middle of the tray, in company with I should blush to say what dainty articles of feminine apparel, lay the three little Morocco cases that had caused so much misgiving. Tears of relief fell on their unresponsive leather, and I distracted the attention of the unconsciously virtuous baggage-man with a cigar. After which, as our acquaintance was not to end for an hour or two, I administered mild rebuke by quoting as much as I remembered of the sterling advice given by old Misson, nearly two hundred years ago, that "a Traveller ought never to make a discovery of his Jewels or Money, for almost all the Robberies and Murders that are committed on Passengers are occasioned by their Imprudence in betraying themselves." She took it in good part, and I sincerely trust that, wherever she may be with that pretty smile of hers, she has since acted on it.

Travel as an Education

Some travellers seem to have been born under a lucky star. Their very helplessness appears at times to be their best ally. A master of Winchester, whom, having last seen him at tea at the Bishop's Schools at Jerusalem, I met again a week later on the shores of Galilee, had, in the interval, a ludicrous experience, from which he emerged more comfortably than might have been expected. At our first meeting we had discussed the policy of carrying firearms when riding without escort across country, and I had advocated an automatic pistol of the kind that I always carried myself and that has since become notorious in connection with the murder of policemen in the East End. He declared, however, that these gentlemen of the road existed only in the heated imagination of American tourists, and that since, moreover, such weapons were quite out of his line, he would be quite as likely to shoot himself by accident as anyone else by design. Although he took only an aged muleteer with him on his ride to Tiberias, he preferred to go unarmed. As a matter of fact, he was, on the last afternoon of the outward journey, just turning over our conversation in his mind and smiling over my warlike counsel, when, at a sudden bend in the road, the unexpected happened, for he found himself confronted by one of the Bedawin armed to the teeth and demanding *baksheesh*. As

the Duval of the desert had reined his mare across the road, the Englishman also came to a standstill. Then, impressed by the absurdity of a highwayman in modern times, he burst out laughing. Peal after peal he sent into the face of the astonished Gentleman of the Road until his laughter must have verged on hysteria. It was at any rate violent enough to terrify the robber, who, taking him for a madman, no doubt, wheeled about, clapped his spurs into his horse, and vanished in a whirlwind of dust. It was a very lucky escape, but not one to reckon on.

The lesson of minding his own business is one which the traveller is likely to learn far more effectually than the stay-at-home, whose narrower outlook is in great measure filled with the curious pleasure of raking in his neighbour's dustheap. It is a lesson, by the way, which ninety-nine per cent of every civilised population go to the grave without learning at all. Seeing how hard life is become in these days of strenuous competition, the attention which people of both sexes (and particularly of one) find time to lavish on the affairs of the folks next door is nothing short of amazing. What with clergymen, lawyers, doctors, editors, tax-collectors, and undertakers, all meddling by right of their professions, making it, in fact, the business of their life, there can surely be no need of a million

lay-helpers. Unpaid busybodies are the curse of provincial life and of life on board ship, which is the most restricted phase of travel. It is a pity that some shipping line cannot have the courage to hang a notice in the companion somewhat to this effect:—

> KNOW THYSELF!
> MEN HAVE MADE FORTUNES BY MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS!

Such an official reminder might have a wonderful effect on the social relations during the voyage. Yet the sea-traveller is in this respect the worst offender of his class. As a general rule, those who travel much are so constantly on the move, so frequently changing their neighbours, as to feel no impertinent interest in their affairs. The admirable habit of minding his own business, thus acquired by the traveller on the road, remains with him even after his last tramp.

A broad tolerance is another lesson taught by travel, for intolerance flourishes most luxuriantly round the village green, and travel is the surest corrective of the uncharitableness bred of insularity. Those who, with Shakespeare, think ill of travel as hostile to patriotism easily fall into

the common error of hastily assuming that tolerance of foreign customs and manners necessarily implies disgust with those of the traveller's own land. Nothing could well be wider of the truth. An English epicure may be tolerant of French wines and friendly to German dishes without abating one jot of his preference for home brew and roast beef. He may admire the Rhine, yet prefer the Thames. He may see gaiety in the Champs Élysées, yet find something more admirable in the prospect of Hyde Park. What is so ludicrous to those of cosmopolitan experience is the fatuous patriotism of men who, never having crossed the Straits of Dover, vow that the scenery, architecture, art and institutions generally of their own island have not their equal in all the world. If, having seen the best that other countries have to show him, the Englishman should still prefer everything English, as with reason he may, then his opinion will at least have stood the test of actual comparison. He will not at any rate speak with ill-concealed contempt of "Dagos" and "Dutchmen," nor will the natives of Hindustan be alluded to as "niggers."

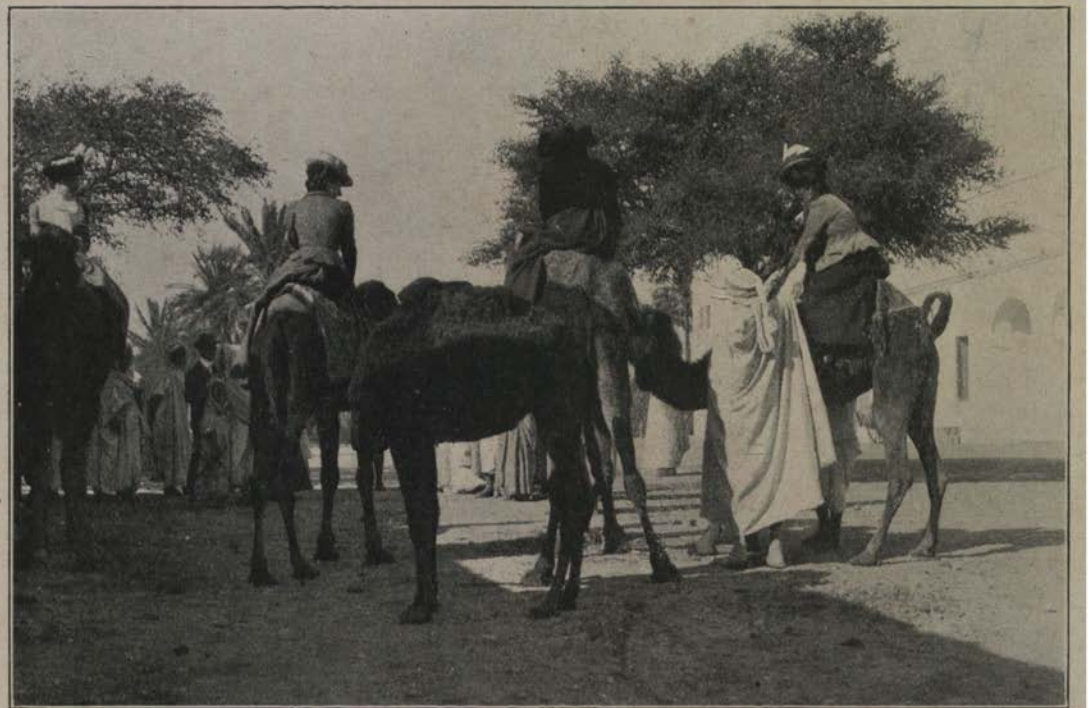
Perhaps, however, it is the faculty of observation that is most actively developed by travel. Every day brings fresh illustration of that favourite story of our childhood, "Eyes and No Eyes."

Travel as an Education

The comfort, and even safety, of him who goes up and down the long trail must so often depend on his keeping his eyes open for what he wants, either in cities, where he cannot, with his ignorance of strange languages, ask for it, or in solitudes, where there are none to ask, that he unconsciously acquires a wideawakeness taught in no other school.

There are other lessons of travel. There is the inducement to win familiarity with foreign tongues, or at least to develop a resourcefulness which can in emergency dispense with such polyglot attainments. There is the useful art of reading men, looking beneath the surface, which, like the title-page of a book, sometimes does more, sometimes less, than justice to that which lies within.

But enough! This self-reliance, this philosophy under rebuff, this cheery optimism, this gift of looking forward rather than backward, this allowance for the foibles of others, this realisation, in short, of a greater brotherhood of man than that demarcated by the different colours on the political maps in the atlas—is not the sum of these perhaps what a man may hope to find Behind the Ranges? If so, it is well worth the seeking.



"Like brute beasts that have no understanding."

The Reform of the Tourist

ALTHOUGH we have been called a "Nation of Shopkeepers," the samples of humanity that we send forth as tourists show curiously unbusinesslike indifference to the opinion of our neighbours. So long as we are represented in foreign capitals by these aggressive eccentrics, who dress like low comedians and behave in public places like grotesques, all talk of disarmament is waste of words.

Something has already been said of the Grand Tour. For all the pomp and circumstance of his costly progress, the Grand Tourist of the eighteenth century was at any rate a dignified representative of the leisured class of Englishmen qualifying for public life. No such claim can be preferred in respect of the Little Tourist of the twentieth. He is as cheap as the manner of his travel. He circulates in personally conducted parties by favour of coupons. His one ideal is, like the snail, to carry his dwelling about with him, making every place a "home from home," and thereby bringing

his quieter countrymen into ridicule by his assurance and his bad manners. Such is his sense of proportion that he proclaims his citizenship of the Empire on which the sun never sets by pretending that it never rises on any other. He regards foreigners, even in their own countries, as the dirt beneath his feet, or at best as the entomologist views curious beetles under the microscope. Not the most fanatical Mohammedan in Anatolia is more contemptuous of those of other creed and race. These ultra-British travellers do not think that foreigners can be ladies or gentlemen; indeed, they hardly give them credit for being men and women. Because they hold the Church of Rome to be opposed to the liberties of England, they regard Roman Catholics as Nonconformists, even in Venice or Madrid. As an old writer of travels puts it, an Englishman's head, like a bowl, has a natural bias, which makes him dislike everything foreign. He goes abroad to conquer, and fails, whereas, if he only knew it, the whole art of enjoying travel is to be conquered by new sensations.

The tripper is something more than merely comical. So long as he remains at home, he is only the domestic nuisance that he was already becoming in the Lake District in Wilberforce's time. When, however, he takes his impertinences abroad, they assume a graver aspect. What is

to be done with the type? Its improvement is everybody's business, and therefore nobody's.

Incidentally, I may be told, it is none of mine. Yet I have suffered so often from trippers that I am goaded to protest against their security from criticism and interference. Folk of unobtrusive tastes are terrorised by their want of manners and their conspicuous clothes, and, apart from their evil influence on international relations, this is unreasonable. Can nothing be done?

I venture to make a suggestion that may, with some modification, be found to meet the requirements of the case. The Foreign Office issues passports for Continental travel. They cost only a few shillings. Less than a hundred years ago, according to Mariana Starke, they cost nothing at all, save a trifling gratuity to the hall-porter at the Embassy at which they were sought. In those days, however, they were more necessary than to-day, for postmasters in France were forbidden to let out vehicles to British subjects travelling without one. Incidentally, though I have carried a passport for twenty years, I never found it of the slightest use, save in Turkish and Russian territory. Such a document is, however, regarded (by those who receive the fees for its issue) as essential to the traveller's safety and comfort from the moment he sets foot on foreign soil.

Behind the Ranges

Why cannot the Foreign Office be of real use, and issue with each a brief digest of etiquette for His Majesty's subjects travelling abroad? This code might be roughly divided under five headings:—

1. There are other countries besides Britain. Do not, in speaking of it to foreigners (and particularly in Berlin), put the accent on the *Great.*

2. Clothes appropriate to Christmas pantomime or musical comedy are not calculated to uphold the prestige of Englishmen and Englishwomen travelling on the Continent.

3. Over-tipping is no evidence of generosity.

4. Foreign languages mispronounced are not made more intelligible by shouting.

5. Reverence in mosques is not an avowal of disloyalty to the Church.

Let me consider these major offences of the tripper at somewhat greater length.

1. Jingoism may—I venture to doubt it, but it may—be a fine mood for politicians to cultivate at home when money is needed for our national defences, but it can never be a desirable sentiment for individuals to air on foreign soil. To hear some folk talking in hotels or public vehicles, a man might imagine that there was no other country in the world but England. There is. In the first place, there are Scotland and Wales and Ireland. Over and above these, there are France, with finer

wines; Germany, with more soldiers; and Italy, with greater works of art. The English tripper is seen at his worst in Rome; the German and American, in Palestine. On the strength of a remnant of school Latin, the Englishman takes possession of the forum and the catacombs. With Baedeker in his hand, he might be the freeholder of St. Peter's and the Vatican. If familiar with the fiction of the late Marion Crawford, he includes in his dreadful patronage the princely Rome that he sees of an afternoon driving on the Pincio—the Rome, in fact, which ignores his existence. It is well that he is patronising, for otherwise he would be hostile. Race-prejudice is his undoing. The whole of the Mediterranean races are *dagos;* the Teutonic nations are "Dutchmen"; while under the comprehensive head of "niggers" he lumps together the true African, the Arab, the natives of India, and the Red Men of America. There remain outside of these major categories the "Japs" and "Chings" and "Yankees," and, with these six terms of opprobrium, he summarises the non-British human race. His prejudices would almost be sublime if they were not ridiculous. He has a curious trick of forming preconceived opinions, though he is rarely so honest as that observant traveller, Arthur Young, who owned that, whereas he went to France fully prepared

to find the natives garrulous chatterboxes, he discovered to his amazement that very many of them were taciturn.

2. The costume in which British tourists find their wicked delight seems past praying for. Anywhere between Pau and Venice, all over Switzerland and along the Riviera, we see sane and sober city magnates change, with dreadful levity, into chessboard knickerbockers and Terai hats, while their ladies wear ankle-short skirts and festoon their solid heads with yards of veiling, drawing attention to features surely pleading for obscurity. To do them justice, it is unlikely that these misguided folk can realise the harm they do. Emancipated from the humdrum routine of the city office and semi-detached villa of their suburban paradise, and reasonably anxious to celebrate their holiday mood with festive raiment, they forget that, in dressing like buffoons at a fair, they are bringing their country into ridicule. The result may be seen from week to week in the hilarious pages of *Pour Rire* and *Kladderadatsch*. The demoralising effect of such material for caricature is bad enough in all conscience on the Continent, but in the East it is infinitely more damaging, for Orientals attach more importance than people of the West to a dignified bearing. It may, I think, without fear of contradiction,

be asserted that the average beggar in the streets of Constantinople is more impressive in his manner than the average tourist.

3. Over-tipping is indulged in chiefly by Americans, though Englishmen are not always free from blame. Unlike the quality of mercy, it is twice cursed, for it demoralises the recipient and it spoils the market for poorer travellers who come after. There is rarely any generosity about it whatever. It is inspired by either the craven fear of appearing mean, or the vulgar ambition to seem liberal. The real nature of these prodigal folk may be gathered from the manner in which they give of their bounty. A gentleman can bestow a crown so gracefully as to atone for the insignificance of the gift, whereas I have seen American *nouveaux riches* shower gold on their toadies as one flings maize to hogs. The whole system of tipping, common nowadays to hotels and private houses, is a somewhat odious imposition, but we who lie under it should at least keep it within decent and reasonable bounds. It is at best a secret commission on services rendered or value received, in proof of which opinion I may mention that hardened travellers generally give their cabin steward half of his gratuity on joining the ship, with the implied promise of the rest to follow at the end of the voyage if he should prove attentive.

4. Englishmen are not, as a general rule, finished linguists. It is, more often than not, their wives or daughters who come to the rescue with a few timely sentences of Ollendorf acquired at some finishing *pension* in Brussels or Zürich. Unfortunately, Englishmen are sometimes the last to realise their own imperfections in this respect. Many, indeed, never realise them at all. Not satisfied with the failure of their Stratford-atte-Bowe accent to command attention, they thunder their barbarisms at the helpless waiters. In this way they score up another laugh against their countrymen, others of whom may be sitting elsewhere in the restaurant and smarting under the ridicule. There are, I know, English tourists who hold such self-consciousness in contempt. There are, in fact, more than enough of this opinion. Yet they might do well to bear in mind that a thick skin is no evidence of a big brain. The rhinoceros is a very short-sighted fool.

5. It is an amazing fact, but a fact none the less, that many English people who, at home, are intensely devotional on the Sabbath, seem to take with them on their travels a profound contempt for the worshippers of any and every creed but that to which they were brought up. That, by their staring and whispering, they profane St. Peter's during Mass, looking on the Confessionals

as sideshows included in their coupons, without extra charge, treating these sacred fanes as art galleries in which eccentric folk choose to pray, is bad enough. It would be worse, but for the certainty that our Latin neighbours have so long become accustomed to this boorish irreverence, which sees even the churches of Italy (as Lord Chesterfield called it) "knicknackically," that they shrug their shoulders and take no offence at this further evidence of English "spleen." Similar irreverence in the mosque may, however, be productive of far other results. The recent episode of an Afghan worshipper shooting at a European woman in the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, was regarded in newspapers at home as a fresh illustration of the ignorant fanaticism of the benighted Mohammedan. I confess that, having stood long ago in that imposing shrine of Islam, and having watched its worshippers prostrate on their praying-carpets, with no sign of rebuke or resentment on their part, I saw the matter differently. If I do the lady wrong, and if this should meet her eye, I ask her pardon. But I have seen others, at any rate, behave quite disgracefully in such temples. There are, in this Mosque of Omar, holy relics that may, to the sophisticated eye of the West, appear childish. The West trembles if it spills the salt, or if a black cat runs across the road. It

holds membership of the "Thirteen Club" to be wanton flying in the face of Providence. Yet it can laugh uproariously if asked to believe that, by squeezing himself between two adjacent pillars in the Mosque of Omar, the "True Believer" adds ten years to his life. It bows in reverent worship before the Holy Sepulchre, yet it has no charity when it sees Moslems trembling with emotion before a hair of the Prophet's beard, or the rock on which Abraham would have sacrificed his son. I do not for one moment, not having been present on the occasion, suggest that the victim of the Afghan's zeal actually laughed. Yet she may have looked as if she refrained with difficulty, and even a fleeting expression of merriment could not escape the jealous eye of a fanatical worshipper. We have trouble enough, as it is, to keep the peace in our Indian Empire, not only between Moslem and Hindu, but even among zealots of the Sunnite and Shiite factions of Islam. That vulgar trippers, the lowest common multiple of travellers, should aim their kodaks at the Jews who wail beside the walls of the Temple matters little, beyond offending good taste, because the remnant of the Chosen still inhabiting the Holy City is not informed with the fighting spirit of Judas Maccabæus. With Mohammedans, the case is otherwise. They love fighting for its own

sake. They are the Irishmen of the East. They are something more, for they hold nothing dearer than a blow struck for Islam. In any case, it is outrageous on the part of tourists to beard them in their very mosques, smiling pityingly at their beliefs and even kicking off the slippers which alone keep their desecrating and dirty boots from contact with the beautiful mosaics of the floor. There may, to the Western ear and eye, be something very funny about the groans and gyrations of the dervishes at prayer, but Europeans who find it impossible to keep a serious face while these rites are in progress should stay away. Trippers going ashore at Smyrna or Stamboul on the Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath) invariably repair, under the guidance of renegade dragomen, to one or other of these dervish mosques, which they attend as if they were watching turns in a music-hall. The vulgarity of it!

An inborn aversion from idolatry is all very well in its way, but it should be tempered with discretion where "idolatry" is the established worship of the land. Religious differences should be left at home, where the spirit of Little Bethel may ramp without doing any harm. Tourists should bear in mind the admirable retort of Lord Shaftesbury. He had just said that "All men of sense are of the same religion," when

a lady asked him what that religion was. "Men of sense, madam," was the reply, "never say!"

Respect for the religion of any country may, with advantage, be extended to its ways and customs. In many Continental countries it is the polite fashion for a man, on entering a shop in which women are serving, to raise his hat to them. Personally, I never found anything peculiarly degrading in this harmless courtesy, an attitude possibly due to the foreign vintage in my veins; but I have seen excellent Englishmen decline it with a heart-of-oak stubbornness which suggested that they were thereby safeguarding the British Empire against invasion. Both English and American tourists might learn many a lesson in politeness from those of the Latin countries. From the German? No; for these are, if possible, even more uncouth than themselves. In the United States, it is true, unless a man act on the principle of returning good for evil, politeness is thrown away, save in a few Old-world communities like those of New Orleans and Pasadena, where the courtesies are still held in esteem. In the rest of the Union, to be courteous is, like speaking Attic Greek to negroes, tendering a coin that has no currency. Travelling Americans neither give politeness nor expect it. Their object is to "get right there." It is a clear case of each for himself:

a rush for seats in the "Diner," a scramble for the balcony of the "Observation Car," and all manner of slim tricks for obtaining "lowers" in the Pullman. There are, of course, those who, perhaps with reason, will always maintain that courtesy is its own reward, and that there is comfort in offering it even to boors. I confess, with reluctance, but also with conviction, that, after some little experience of railroad travel in the United States and Canada, I should derive as much satisfaction from doffing my hat to the mandrill at the Zoo, only to see him turn his rainbow aspect on me.

"Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all."

A Grumbler in the Train

OF all the vehicles of travel, from gharry to biplane, few are invested with less romance than the railway train. Now and then an impressionist like Sir Frederick Treves does justice to the tremendous sensation of a train flying through the night, or an engineer, warming to his subject, may find poetry in the pulsing of valves and oiling of cranks; but the romance of the railroad, whatever it may have been in the days that preceded its general use, is restricted at the present time to the sensational crimes or accidents in which it figures. Three-quarters of a century ago, when old Colonel Hawker regarded a speed of thirty-two miles an hour as "terrific travelling," there must have been poetry in such breakneck speed, which to-day would satisfy only tortoises. The railroad of to-day is a necessity and will continue to be one until supplanted by the trackless travel of the air, and the only railway romance left invests the construction of those vast transcontinental systems of

the New World, which, stretching from ocean to ocean, invade the solitudes of the primeval wild and involve the engineer in all manner of climatic and other problems which did not confront the road-builders of more temperate latitudes and more civilised States.

Anyone with a taste for grumbling and an eye for the dark side of things may find abundant material to his hand in railway travel, for, though the carrying companies have done much to ameliorate the passenger's condition, giving him faster speed and greater comfort for lower fares, his tribulations are still considerable, among the worst being the overcrowding of compartments, unpunctuality of trains, overheating and bad ventilation, shortcomings of the commissariat and difficulties with luggage. The degree in which the travelling public is subjected to annoyance in respect of these matters varies in different countries. Speaking broadly, English railways are probably the most perfect in the world. I say this not without fear of contradiction, but certainly without hesitation, after having travelled at least ten thousand miles on American and Canadian lines and several hundred on those of Continental countries. If I qualify the statement, it is only because I am unacquainted with the railways of India and South Africa, though, from all accounts,

any such reservation is unnecessary. Americans, and in a lesser degree Canadians, are firmly persuaded that their railways are immeasurably superior to anything in Europe, but, while stoutly denying this claim, it is fair to remember the vast difficulties, of which long distances are only a part, which invest the problems of railroad construction and maintenance in those regions. The immense distances preclude, to begin with, the laying of a double track throughout, in itself a fruitful source of accidents, or, as Americans prefer to call them, "wrecks." Some of the responsibility for those terrible collisions so common in the United States must be put down to the hurry of the passengers to be "on time," rather than forego which they cheerfully take the risk of death or disablement. This attitude has inevitably informed the starters and signalmen with a culpable indifference to the sacrifice of human life. By comparison, we in this country are remarkably free from this danger, but an occasional serious mishap, like the recent tragedy at Kirkby Stephen, which happened in one of the most lonely parts of the island, serves to draw the public attention to the need of further precautions, notably to the special risk attaching to the antiquated system of lighting trains with gas and thereby exposing travellers to the further danger of fire after collision.

Behind the Ranges

In Canada and the northern States, the track is continually exposed during more than half the year to frost, and during the other half to the wash-out of floods; and in the southern States it is subject to obliteration by rank grasses or sand-storms. In the wildest regions, where the maintenance of an efficient police is impossible, trains are always liable to be held up by bandits, another serious annoyance from which we in this much-abused England are happily free.

These are some of the drawbacks of American and Canadian railway travel for which the boards of control can scarcely be held answerable. There are others, however, for which their curious ideals are to blame. One fetish of transatlantic railroad politics is one-class travel. Americans are nothing if not democratic. They are likewise nothing if not inconsistent, so that they cheerfully bow down to the magnates who travel in gilded private cars of their own, and, in the southern States at any rate, they sternly assign special accommodation to coloured folk. There is, strictly speaking, more than one class of travel, for there are Pullman cars and parlour cars. On the "Fourth" and other public holidays, the company in every car ranges from A to Z. I recollect discussing this matter of class travel with a high official of the Southern Pacific Railroad in his office at San

Francisco. It was at the time when some of our companies at home were abolishing the Second Class, and he cited this as the first step in the direction of one class for all. That there were people in England willing to pay double the fare, not so much for any difference in upholstery as for better company and less of it, this worthy democrat flatly refused to believe. Such snobbishness did not strike him as what he would have called a "business proposition" at all. He thought meanly enough of poor, benighted, feudal England, but never so meanly as that. Then we fell to comparing the railroads of the two countries on general grounds, and the compromise we reached was that the best accommodation on a few of the fastest "Limited" trains in America was rather better than the best of our First Class at home. I left it at that, and am not inclined to dispute the verdict. What I did persuade him to admit was the absence of control exercised to exclude undesirables at any time, quite apart from public holidays, on which they are made free of the whole train by established right. Even the Pullman, nominally reserved for the use of those who have paid for the berths, is generally overrun by a crowd of short-distance passengers, many of them but "very imperfect ablutioners." The conductor is too sound a democrat to interfere on his own

initiative; the passengers share his principles too honestly to appeal to him. This brotherhood of man is a lovely ideal on paper, but in a crowded car on a hot summer's day it is Gehenna. As a result of the larger population and fewer trains than in other civilised countries, "straphanging" is so widely recognised that an American patent was lately granted for a sanitary handle that guards against infection, in itself a significant indication of the patentee's appreciation of his fellow-passengers. The same unchecked overcrowding is common on the street cars. I remember, one morning in April, occupying an outside seat on a crowded down-town car in New York. The fact that every seat was already occupied did not prevent the same number of aspirants boarding it as it slowed down at a corner near the Bowery. Most of the new-comers certainly stood, holding on as best they might, but a very friendly artisan, whose proximity indicated that he worked by the sweat of his brow, preferred, without so much as "By your leave," to sit in my lap. The car was only just moving, so, having no further use for such a burden, I suddenly straightened my leg and shot him tenderly into the road. Looking round, I saw him, a little surprised, but otherwise unhurt, take his place on the car following ours. Such outrage is borne without a

murmur in the Land of Liberty, but now and then it is good, when in Rome, not to do as Rome does.

I could not, unfortunately, assure the Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific that overcrowding was unknown in our trains at home. As a matter of fact, there are trains and times in which it is scandalous, encouraged by the supine nervousness of the victims. No doubt it needs moral courage—the courage, at any rate, of indifference to being called disagreeable—to protest against this dangerous and unhealthy breach of the regulations. No doubt it is taking the line of least resistance to acquiesce in the intrusion of strap-hangers. Yet some of us prefer unpopularity to suffocation, and are not afraid to call on the guard to evict the superfluous. Each carriage is built to seat a certain number of passengers, usually indicated on the walls. If I pay for a ticket to travel by first, second, or third class, I am legally entitled to a certain fraction, be it one-sixth or one-eighth, of the available accommodation, to no more and to no less. It is as foolish to feel any qualm about claiming my due as it would be to acquiesce in a perfect stranger occupying a seat in my motor-car or taxi-cab. There may be extenuating circumstances. A crowded last train is certainly one of them, and he would be a curmudgeon who stood out for his rights on such

an occasion. There may, as at race meetings, be an abnormal crowd, with which the ordinary staff of officials is utterly unable to cope, and it would be unreasonable to expect it of them. On ordinary occasions, however, it is monstrous to blame a traveller for insisting on his own comfort and asking for the exclusion of more than the carriage will hold, or of anyone obviously entitled to travel only by another class. Those who pay third-class fare and travel first should, if found out, take their punishment without grumbling.

In the matter of speed, there are a few, a very few, trains in America which just pass our own, but they are in a sad minority, and few even of their "Limited" trains between the great cities can compare with, for instance, the Great Western daily non-stop run from Paddington to Plymouth. Their gigantic locomotives, beside which our engines look like the painted toy models which amuse schoolboys, are built for freight-hauling and endurance, not for short bursts of high speed. As regards sleeping accommodation, their Pullman cars, generally so overheated that passengers roast like pullets in an oven, are far inferior to the berths on our Scotch trains from Euston or King's Cross. Even on an important train like the "Sunset Express," which runs between New Orleans and San Francisco, the dressing-rooms

are miserable, and the women are in even worse case than the men. The ordinary "mixed" trains of America would shame our suburban lines at home. I remember travelling one night from Reno, in Nevada, to San Francisco, no side track, but on the main line from Salt Lake City and the East. The way was downhill, yet at no time could that train have done more than twenty-five miles an hour. It stood aside for cattle crossing the track and for freight trains coming behind. It was the soul of politeness when anything wanted to pass in any direction. It was a very Chesterfield among trains. As a result of its high breeding, it reached its destination two hours late. *Noblesse oblige!*

For the moment, I take leave of American trains and come back to those of the Old World. The proper heating and ventilation of carriages is only now exercising the companies at home. In the absence of adequate provision, there is often wordy dispute between the advocates of the Open Window and those who shun fresh air more even than they do sin. There is no need to be inhumane on such occasions, and the victim of sore throat or toothache should always be given the benefit of the doubt and allowed to keep the windows up. Yet the companies might at once solve the problem of comfort for all sorts and

conditions by introducing a special compartment in each class for the few—these advocates of stuffiness dwindle daily in numbers—who fear fresh air. The windows might be permanently closed, and the outside could easily be marked with some such appropriate symbol as CO_2. Or, if the windows were movable, as in other compartments, there should be a notice to the effect that they would be closed on the requisition of a single applicant. Here would be asylum for all the real and imaginary invalids, and such an innovation would exempt the more robust from the disagreeable alternative of appearing inhumane when insisting on a measure of ventilation indispensable to their health and comfort. Once we get such a convenience, we shall wonder why it was ever thought less necessary than compartments for "Smokers" and "Ladies Only." The present vague understanding that the choice of opening or closing the window rests with the passenger next to it and facing the engine is better perhaps than nothing at all, but, apart from the reluctance of a nervous traveller to insist on such a right, particularly if a neighbour should be more brawny than himself, it is also a fact that, with the wind blowing on that side of the train, the effect of a window opened too wide is more felt in the middle of the carriage than by the man in the corner seat. Occasionally

there is nothing for it but firmness. On a night journey through the Caucasus, from Tiflis to Batoum, I occupied a corner seat and faced the engine. The climate of that region in August is such as to make fresh air worth more than its weight in gold. My fellow-passengers, a Georgian and an Armenian, did not, however, take that view. They pulled up both windows and made themselves snug for the night. The carriage was hot and full of fleas, and my companions were, as the judicious Hooker says of another race, "rough and ouglie in their bodies." Even when I lowered my window half-way, there was not a breath of air in the carriage, but the Armenian muttered and the Georgian blustered. To make matters quite clear, I then let down the window to its full extent and kept my hand on the strap. For a moment they were taken aback. Then they quarrelled about it in some utterly unintelligible dialect—for aught I know, one was suggesting murdering me; and, if so, it was the Armenian suggesting that the Georgian should do it—and finally they fell asleep and left me in peace. Next morning, as the train ran down to the sea shore, we were the best of friends. There are some latitudes and circumstances in which the policy of the Open Window is the reverse of admirable. Even in going through long tunnels at home, we pull up

the windows to keep out the bad air, and elsewhere dust and mosquitoes must be excluded even at the risk of suffocation. There are sections of railroad in Louisiana, and even in Canada, on which to leave the windows open for only a few moments would mean a sleepless night in every berth; and in the thirsty tracts of Arizona and New Mexico the hot sand is so penetrating as to cover everyone and everything inside the cars unless the windows are kept shut while the train is in motion. Fortunately the coloured porters know just when to insist on this, and there is method in what many strangers in the land regard only as madness.

The commissariat on trains is not as a rule such as to attract the epicure, and meals are taken on short journeys as much by way of passing the time as in any hope of enjoyment. In fact, the majority of distances in this country are so short —the whole run from Land's End to John o' Groat's takes only thirty-six hours, with frequent stops by the way—that the arrangements for feeding passengers *en route* are obviously of less importance than on the long transcontinental journeys of Canada or the United States. The *cuisine* on our English "diners" is of unexciting quality, but the charges are at any rate moderate, absurdly so if reckoned by American standards.

A Grumbler in the Train

On the other hand, the majority of our station *buffets* still leave much to be desired, and a few years ago they were a disgrace to civilisation. The mummified ham-sandwich, the Pleistocene sausage-roll, and the boiling hot cup of chicory and coffee are poor comfort for a hungry traveller with only five minutes to spare, and the soothing title of "restaurant" is wholly inappropriate to an establishment which provides no better fare. The longest journeys that I ever had to take, with no *buffets* on the train, were one of twenty-seven hours in Cuba, between Havana and Santiago, and another of fourteen in the Caucasus, from Batoum to Tiflis. The traveller journeying through Cuba by the daily train has to be satisfied with a very light breakfast at Santa Clara and a hurried lunch at Ciego di Avila, both provided by a Chinese caterer. The *buffet* at Batoum is a primitive affair, and most of its material is fit only for hungry Kurds. Throughout Mohammedan countries, train travel is perpetual Ramadan, for Moslems do not apparently regard hunger as any hardship. Not only is no meal to be had on any train in Asiatic Turkey, but the food offered at most of the wayside stations is such as might teach a man to "starve right merrily." On the journey from Damascus to Beirut, which occupies a whole day, there is only a single badly served meal at Reyah,

the junction for Baalbek and Aleppo. On the other line, from the Syrian capital to Haifa, there is a similar opportunity near Samach, not far from Galilee. The Bagdad Railway has so far made no effort to cater on its trains, and even at so important a station as Ismidt, only three or four hours' run from Constantinople, the restaurant, which is kept by a Levantine Greek, is appalling.

Were it not for the ever-changing panorama without, a long train journey would be even more monotonous than a sea voyage, and it is always far more tiring. On the best American and Canadian trains, the boredom of passengers is somewhat mitigated by the presence of a man selling sweetmeats, magazines, and curios, as well as by the provision of a library and Observation Car. Some such resources would be not wholly unwelcome in this country, where, though the distances may be short, railway journeys can be very trying.

With regard to his luggage (in America, "baggage"), the Grumbler may have three distinct grievances: loss or detention of his property; prohibition of small luggage in his compartment; and insufficient supply of porters on arriving at his destination.

Our own plan of consigning luggage to the van, with no check or receipt for each package, appears to American and Continental travellers haphazard

and unbusinesslike, and so, no doubt, it is. The alternative is to check each piece through to its destination and to trouble no more about it. This system would be still more admirable if it did not occasionally fail. I am, however, a less fervent admirer of the checking plan than I might be if I had not suffered grievously from detention of my luggage in Germany, Italy, Florida and California.

The amount of small luggage allowed with the passenger inside the carriage is very loosely interpreted on our own railways, where no restriction is imposed beyond the official intimation that only light articles must be put on the racks, the object being to exonerate the company in case of accident. The responsibility in case of damage has, however, been tested in the Courts, for a passenger claimed in the Manchester County Court for damage done to his hat by a falling parcel. The owner of the parcel pleaded that the company should make good the damage, as the parcel was dislodged by the jolting of the train, but the Court did not take this view. As a matter of fact, only very imperfect control is exercised, and small, heavy packages are often placed on the rack, whereas, if large and light, they would attract notice and are therefore put in the van. Broadly speaking, the amount of luggage taken into the carriage in this country is

a matter of "first come, first served," so that a single occupant, who finds the racks vacant when entering the train, may occupy the whole of them with suit-cases, golf-clubs, umbrella, hat, and other belongings. They manage these things better in France, where each passenger is allowed only so much of the rack as is over the seat he occupies. Luggage is in no case allowed on the seat, except to keep the owner's place if he should alight at a station. Suit-cases usually go under the seat, and it is well, particularly in winter time, to make sure that the porter does not stow them away on the same side as the hot pipes. He is not, as a rule, endowed with sufficient common sense to put them under the opposite seat. For luggage in the guard's van the company is responsible as far as the destination to which it is labelled. For that left in the carriage, it assumes no responsibility whatever, as it might otherwise find it difficult to establish contributory negligence on the part of a passenger who spent an hour in the dining-car, leaving his portmanteau unlocked in his carriage. On American railroads, very little indeed is allowed inside the Pullman, where there is no room to spare once the double rows of berths are made up for the night. A small bag, or "grip," only is permitted, though, in that land of inequality, money shouts where in Europe it

only whispers, and the traveller who drops an occasional dollar bill in the right direction (which is never far from the conductor's hand) may infringe the by-laws to his heart's content.

The dearth of porters in American depôts is a logical corollary of the irreducible minimum of hand-baggage with which Americans are compelled to travel. As the heavier baggage is conveyed to the passenger's home or hotel by the agent of one or other of the Express Companies, who travels on the train, or joins it near the terminus, there is little or nothing for American porters to do. Railway stations in the cities have a small brigade of "red caps," but even these are so rarely requisitioned by the Americans, who form nine-tenths of the summer tourist traffic, that they are seldom on the spot when their services are needed. Even well-to-do Americans may be seen carrying their own "grips" along the platform, a survival, no doubt, from the days when they had to do so, for it is easier in that land to acquire wealth than the manner which goes with it, and the millionaire is slow to abandon those virtues of self-help which were his law not so long ago. With so little demand, therefore, porters are few and far between. Americans and Canadians are aware of the scarcity and do not expect them, and even the visitor from Europe soon grows

accustomed to a state of affairs which he would vote intolerable at home. At first, however, it is difficult for him to realise that he must look after himself or be left. On my first visit to the United States, I had to change trains at a small station just over the frontier of North Carolina. It was a close thing, and the train that was to take me further stood, with steam up, at the further end of a long platform, and was due to start in five minutes. In vain I looked round for a porter, and most of the precious five minutes were spent in getting my suit-case, kit-bag, rugs, rods, and camera out of the carriage, in which the conductor at Washington had, possibly with mistaken kindness, allowed me to stow them the night before. I should to a certainty have missed the connection, entailing a wait of five hours for the next train and reaching my destination after midnight, had not an unexpected ally come on the scene in the person of an enormous lady of colour, attached in some capacity or other to the staff, who calmly lifted the whole of my belongings and, but that I started off in the direction of the other train, would have carried me as well. When she had established me and my baggage in the other train, I handed her half a dollar in my gratitude for deliverance; but with a smiling display of pearly teeth and a shake of the head, she handed it back.

A Grumbler in the Train

Incomparable Amazon! Did she rescue me for my beauty, or merely from a sense of compassion for a tenderfoot unused to American ways?

Two years later I took the night train from Colon to Panama, reaching the Pacific port just before midnight. Yet, although the train connected with the mail steamer for Callao, not a single porter met it, and my own bags were carried to the cab by an old nigger, who twice fell over them in his anxiety to earn a "quarter." Yet another time I arrived, also late at night, at Port Tampa, with the steamer for Cuba ready to cast off as soon as we were all aboard. On this occasion there was neither negro nor negress, and I had to make two journeys between the train and the gangway, laden with such a miscellany that I must have resembled a walking pantechnicon, a memory the more vivid because my belongings included a box, with an imperfectly fitting lid, containing two small but lively alligators which I had recently caught in Florida.

Railway travel in France and Germany is, on the better lines, even a little more comfortable than our own, and the officials, particularly on the further side of the Rhine, are, if occasionally a little infected with militarism, generally forbearing with tourists who do not speak their language, and exceedingly civil to those who do.

Behind the Ranges

Every traveller is, I suppose, asked at one time or another to say which was the worst train he ever travelled in. So many lines, at home and abroad, compete for pride of place, that the question is by no means easy to answer off-hand. The night train from Reno to San Francisco, to which allusion was made above, takes a deal of beating, but, on the other hand, the day train from Jaffa to Jerusalem does its best. So slow is it, even when going downhill on the return journey, that an hotel-keeper of Jaffa beat it on one occasion on his Arabian mare, with five minutes in hand. In addition to its tortoise pace, the track lies through gloomy scenery, passing the vale in which David slew Goliath, and in the summer months, at any rate, it is impossible to open the windows on account of the dust. Another dreadful train is that between Alexandria and Cairo. The "Occupation" does not appear to have improved the train service. Of beautiful railway journeys, on the other hand, with changing views of hill-tops, moor and river, Scotland gives brief spells equal perhaps to anything of the kind on earth. Those who prefer their scenery on a grander scale than is available in these islands should take the westward journey from Quebec through the Canadian Rockies, which make an appalling impression after the rolling levels of the prairies.

A Grumbler in the Train

There are also, without so trying a probation of some of the most insipid scenery in the world, which could not rouse a moment's genuine enthusiasm in anyone but a farmer or a coyote, beautiful zigzag tracks in the mountains of Carolina, Jamaica, Java, and, nearer home, Spain, the views round Ronda, on the run from Madrid to Algeciras, being magnificent in their wildness. Of sea views from the train, some of the most pleasing are to be obtained on the Italian coast, east of Genoa; but for combination of mountain, lake and torrent there is probably nothing in the world quite equal to the best that Switzerland can give us. The trail of the tourist may drive the fastidious elsewhere, but, to anyone who can shut his eyes to the vileness of tripping man, the prospect is truly a pleasing one.

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the Sea."

The Voyage

The nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bow are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than lead lightning out of heaven; it leads love round the earth.

RUSKIN'S noble words should come home to everyone at sea. The sea is the cradle of all life. It is alike the beginning and the end of everything. It came before the land; it will be after it. In the Holy Writings we see it at the Creation, in the Flood, in the coming of the Israelites out of bondage, in the shipwrecks of Jonah and of Paul. The Psalmist often employs it in the imagery of his immortal song. The classics give us memorable pictures of the Mediterranean and Black Sea in calm and storm, in the voyage of Ulysses, the shipwreck of Æneas, the tempest that overtook Ovid on his way into exile. The sea has played a mighty part in the best prose of every land. Its brooding bitterness may be found in Edrisi, Von Humboldt, Hugo, De Amicis, Conrad. The mystery of its darkness, the glory of its dawn, meet the eye in

Pêcheur d'Islande, in the *Voyage en Orient*, in Stevenson's *Essays of Travel*. Its storms shriek in *The Cruise of the Midge*, in *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, in *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. Its calms brood in Masefield's *Tarpaulin Muster* and in Bullen's *Sack of Shakings*.

Of shipping, too, there is a mighty literature. The change from sail to steam, of which more hereafter, is the theme of books by Clark Russell and other writers, and is referred to in Conrad's *Mirror of the Sea*, in Van Dyke's *Opal Sea*, and in *The Future of America* by Wells. Tourist life on board ship is variously interpreted by Darwin, Dickens, Washington Irving and Kipling.

In our poetry, the sea has hardly filled the place one might have expected. The only considerable sea poem in the language, if we except the artificial sentiment of *Pelican Island*, is William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*. Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, for the inspiration of which he was in great measure indebted to Wordsworth, while he owed its sea lore to one Captain Thomas James, deals less with the phenomena of the sea than with the remorse and penance of a seaman who shot an unoffending albatross. Coleridge had no personal knowledge of the sea when he wrote the poem, save what he may have picked up in rambles on the beach, and it was not until a year

later that he made his first short voyage. The best-known sea-piece in Tennyson, apart from the nautical atmosphere of *Enoch Arden* and the seashore setting of *Sea Dreams*, is his *Ballad of the Revenge*, a fine work, but one that has suffered, like Macaulay's *Spanish Armada*, from the affection of amateur reciters, whose lisping—

> At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay . . .

is too often the prelude to a woeful exhibition of misplaced anxiety to entertain.

On the whole, however, the sea books are better than the land books. Conrad and Noble, Masefield and Bullen, Clark Russell and Marryat get smashing blows into their storms and infinite peace into their calms, and their magic carries to the heart of inland cities the hungry roar of the sea-wolves hounding down some luckless tramp, or the sensuous whisper of waves that brattle foolishly against shingle beaches. I commend the foregoing very imperfect bibliography to all who are going on a long sea voyage, for the delight of reading such literature is multiplied tenfold between sea and sky, with no land in sight, and in these days of cheap reprints it should soon be possible to buy the whole boiling for a shilling!

The interest of a voyage is dual: there is the human side of shipboard life, and there is the

mightier appeal of the ocean itself. Like all travel, its effect depends on temperament. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is a peaceful, jog-trot existence, free from fret and worry and without ambition, monotonous, uneventful, agreeable or the reverse, as we choose to order it. Weather is even more important to our pleasure than ashore. Heavy seas and leaden skies, searching winds and rolling decks, severe cold or blistering heat, all aggravate the already considerable social difficulties of this strange little community of utter strangers thrown for the moment into closest intimacy. One dour passenger, with a genius for being objectionable, may infect the entire company with depression, for it is a small world between decks, a world over ready to talk scandal and take offence, foibles for which some excuse mayperhaps be found in its lack of occupation and the sameness of each day's routine. A port of call is a godsend, and on such coasting routes as those followed by the mailboats of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company to Morocco or the West Indies, or by those of the *Messageries Maritimes* among the isles of Greece and along the southern littoral of the Black Sea, I have seen less unpleasantness in two or three weeks of travel than in the week between Liverpool and New York or Quebec. In the East, particularly, the day ashore is, in more senses

than one, a crowded experience, with its sudden glimpses of minarets, its walk in shady alleys, or its bargaining in bazaars in which, as Disraeli says, men sell "everything, from diamonds to dates."

The true lover of the sea may perhaps resent the interruption of these ports of call, yet, unless he go ashore with the rest, he must be prepared to endure the grime of coal-dust and the din of donkey-engines. Such as really find their pleasure in unbroken weeks of sea and sky should take passage in a sailing-ship to the Southern Ocean, now tearing through dancing waves, now, at the caprice of the winds, creeping over oily calms. To these hardy adventurers, taking their rest cure in the most dreadful isolation imaginable, is revealed the true sea, which is hidden from those who voyage in liners. The sea known to the sailing ship has no code of honour. The weaker the foe, the greater its brutality. It is too cunning to put forth its futile strength against such leviathans as mock its fury between the Mersey and St. Lawrence. It prefers to save its cruelty for some feeble tramp which, in reality more helpless than many an old windjammer, angers it by pretending to the dignity of steam.

In these days of revolution, when the automobile has ousted the horse and is in its turn yielding its pride of place to the aëroplane, the land-traveller

has continually to alter his perspective to suit an age of hurry. What is haste to-day will be stagnation to-morrow. The race is to the swift, and, as the beaten track is narrow, bounded by banks and hedges, the slow go to the wall. There is no question of the narrow way on the high seas, where there is room for all. Yet the decrees of a commercial generation are inexorable, and here also the old order of things gives place to the new. The remarkable revolution effected in sea life by the coming of steam is best perhaps understood by reference to the conditions that are no more. Dampier, asked his opinion of the duration of an autumn voyage from London to Madagascar, suggested three months and a half, a period in which such a liner as the *Empress of Ireland* would steam round the world. In those days, however, apart from lack of inventiveness, time was no object. Vessels, provisioned for a voyage of indefinite duration, would gaily put to sea, passing out of human ken, with no notion of when they might reach their destination. How changed is all this to-day! The captain of a transatlantic mail-boat shapes his course from Liverpool to Sandy Hook as correctly and as unconcernedly as a motorist would steer from Park Lane to St. Pancras. Such machine-made travel is, of course, a boon alike to those so

constituted as to hate the sea and to others whose hearts beat only normally in Wall Street or Throgmorton Street.

Yet there are still a few unbusinesslike folk who echo the regret of Mr. Clark Russell when they think of the "shapes of beauty which have gone beyond the horizon to their graves, and haunt the ocean only as phantoms." It may be a fine achievement (it must very often be a necessary one) to be able to rely on reaching New York in four days, some hours, some minutes, and a few seconds, but such precision has changed the whole aspect of sea travel. Doubtless the modern liner or battleship going full speed is a splendid comment on our progress. Yet, though there be majesty in the sky-scraper, quiet eyes rest more happily on the humbler aspect of a moorland cottage. Still, we must honour utility in these times, and from this standpoint the story of navigation is one almost continuous triumph of mind over matter. It is a struggle that has not been without its terrible reverses, but the passing of each century has brought us nearer to victory. The puny ship defies the pitiless waves, confident of its triumph. As an Italian writer makes it say, "*Tu sei immenso, ma sei un bruto; io son piccolo, ma sono un genio.*"

All over the western seas, the new order

has driven out the old. Galley and caravel, argosy and galleon are gone. Only the lateen sail of the storied Mediterranean is left as a reminder of the dark days when Arabs ruled the waves. Those, however, who adventure a little off the hackneyed highways of commerce may still find quaint relics of the dawn of shipbuilding, the wondrous art that links the gopher of the Ark with the armour of the *Majestic*. The coracle, which may still be seen mirrored in Welsh salmon rivers, has not appreciably altered since the day on which Cæsar landed in Britain. The vanishing Chippewa still paddles his birchbark on Canadian lakes, and the *kayak* of the Esquimaux is in all probability much the same as when the Vikings first sighted America. Even the high seas of trade are not swept quite bare of these wooden anachronisms. The Chinese junk seems to have retained its hull and rig for a score of centuries, and on the beach of Trebizond I have seen such high-prowed shore-boats as may have been drawn up there when Xenophon and his remnant passed through Trapezium on the retreat to Scutari.

As a curious illustration of the repetition of history, the introduction of steam into the art of naval warfare suggests a measure of return to the antiquated conditions of the trireme, which lost no opportunity of ramming her adversary.

Yet the analogy is perhaps fanciful. The modern cruiser and the Phœnician warship of the Nineveh monuments no doubt have something in common in their independence of the wind, which meant so much to Nelson's fighting line. But the galley-slaves, at their best, were not, like steam, inexhaustible, nor, even for a short burst, could they move as swiftly as the modern battleship. The sailing ship, which came between, must have been a more effectual fighting-craft than the galley and trireme, else it would not have replaced them. Now it, too, is gone for ever from the pageant of sea-fights, which may, in the near future, be a contest between submarines and biplanes.

Iron is our bulwark of Empire to-day, not oak. There is no longer any significance in the story told of Collingwood, who used, when at home, to scatter acorns in likely spots, with a fervent prayer that, long after he was dust, they might furnish oak for the defeat of the French, his country's foes in days which had no thought of an *Entente Cordiale.*

The sea is a good servant if flogged, but a bad master to those who cringe. It is, in short, a bully. It helps those only who help themselves. Mr. Filson Young might have done worse than remember this when he complained that it had done so little for Ireland.

Behind the Ranges

To those of us who live our lives beside the sea, watching its unrest all day and listening to its reproaches all night, the long ocean voyage, with no land break in its monotony, brings no rest, but is rather an ordeal. Congenial company on board may do something to alleviate the tedium of it, but a single interesting day on shore is worth a week of sea and sky. Yet we can be grateful for the brevity and safety of modern crossings, the more so if we remember that, in 1776, Arthur Young took two days between Waterford and Milford Haven, while his boat all but foundered on the passage.

The mood in which the tourist embarks on every voyage is always the same. What may be the sensations of exile faced for serious objects, the sudden summons to join a regiment on foreign service, the haste to see a dying friend, the anxiety to investigate financial ventures, or the pressing need of flying from justice, I may not guess, for I never yet fared overseas with any purpose sterner than the capture of a new fish or the sight of a fresh country, which between them contribute much to my perhaps eccentric notion of enjoyment. The tourist mood, pure and simple, is no very complex psychological study. It begins with curiosity in the boat-express as to our fellow-passengers, mingled with uncertainty whether some

of them may, on closer acquaintance, prove better or worse company than they look at first sight. Then, perhaps, follows the realisation that the train is taking passengers for other boats than ours, and that some are bound for New York, whereas our destination is Quebec.

As the brakes go on, and the train slows down in sight of the docks, there is much craning of necks in the corridor to see the steamers moored alongside the quay, with consequent speculation —at any rate, for those making their first voyage— whether their floating home is the great steamer with two funnels and three masts, or perhaps the huge one-lunged leviathan next to her. Then comes the breathless rush for the gangways, the porters struggling for the hand-baggage, while the passenger stoutly guards some fishing-rod or camera from their clumsy touch. The moment of transfer from train to steamboat does not, if the whole truth must be told, reveal either the fair or the brave at their best. To see their panic, one would imagine that it was the fashion of mail-boats to leave at the scheduled time, whereas an hour or more is usually lost in getting away, and those who fought like dogs and cats might, had they but known, have behaved like men and women. I have sometimes wondered whether some of those who become fast friends during the

ensuing days ever recall those dreadful moments of savagery in which the strong trample on the weak in their quite unnecessary anxiety to be first up the gangways.

Of all the passengers, whether joining the ship or leaving her, the emigrants, or immigrants, are incomparably the most interesting. Herded up the ladders like sheep, they sit on deck dazed, amid their poor little scrap-heaps of "Settlers' Belongings," until the vessel moves off from the dock, and then they strain their tired eyes for a last glimpse of the motherland that was but a stepmother. Day after day, while at sea, they amuse themselves with simple deck sports, with quarrels, courtships, and a concert for the ship's charities, an entertainment which, if I may be frank, usually reveals greater talent, with less of self-consciousness, than that held in the first class. Then, when the new home comes in sight under the bow, how pathetically these human derelicts gaze on the land that holds all their trust in the future! God grant their hopes be fulfilled! It is easy to understand the enterprise of emigrants in the pride of youth, even of young mothers with babes at the breast, but what of the greybeards and grandams that form no small proportion of the average steerage crowd? Was the Old Country so niggardly that they could not there eke out their

few remaining days until they should be carried to the village churchyard and laid to rest beneath the grim old yews that gave shadow to the playtime of their childhood?

One day of life on board ship is, in the absence of ports of call, the same as a week, an alternative of meals, gossip and sleep. There need be nothing actually disagreeable about this placid existence, but at the best it is silly, and at the worst it may be tiresome. People at sea are rarely their normal selves. They are more likely to grumble than even on land. Bad weather is the fault of the Captain. If the Officers keep themselves to themselves, the women vote them boors. If they mix with the passengers, the men vow that they are neglecting their duties. The Purser tries to please all and succeeds in pleasing none. There are few on board who are free from the conviction that the Chief Steward has a personal grudge against them. If the Bedroom Stewards are attentive, it is because they want tips; if they are not, they do not know their work. Such cantankerous moods are, it is true, equally possible in an hotel, but visitors are not penned up, as they are in a ship, with no means of escape from uncongenial company, save imprisonment in the cabin or suicide in the sea. For this reason, if for no other, everyone should strive for the moment

to bury personal prejudice, to be friendly to all and sundry, sinking all distinction of race, religion, or caste. Such geniality works for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. On an English liner, the icicles of distrust usually take at least forty-eight hours to thaw, but matters are improved by the presence of one or two seasoned travellers who are unafraid of losing caste by talking to perfect strangers without formal introduction, and who know how to draw the line between civility and familiarity. During the first few days out, many keep to their state-rooms for reasons well known to themselves. The rest keep to themselves or their friends, as little inclined to mix with strangers as oil with water. Then, by some magic touch—no one knows how—the thaw sets in ; the ice is broken ; the frost is gone. It is April after March. It is, indeed, as if the "Third Floor Back" had passed fore and aft, leaving kind hearts and good fellowship in his path. Everyone is anxious henceforth to be and to do his best. Chairs are no longer thrust in the way of deck sports. Ladies are ready to perform at the concert; men give up their bridge for a dance on deck.

Under such encouraging conditions, a week on a crowded mail-boat is not without its attractions. On a humble "intermediate," with a limited company, the strain on one's *bonhomie* is greater.

The Voyage

It is like a small house party, and each must do what he can for the general entertainment. Only peculiar circumstances can excuse aloofness from the crowd. I remember well a case in point. It was that of a Turkish youth of high standing, who, for a political offence at the time of the counter-revolution, was sentenced to be hanged in the streets. I travelled on the same steamer up the Black Sea, and was struck at the outset by the peculiarity of his conduct. Still, as a fugitive from justice, seeing a possible informer in every stranger, he was hardly to blame for locking himself in his cabin all day, even at meal times, and taking the air on deck only during the night. Prostration from sea-sickness is another sufficient excuse for keeping apart, and overtures of sympathy, unless of the briefest, are misplaced kindness. When St. Paul, the finest gentleman in Scripture, said "Be of good cheer!" to the terrified sailors in the storm off Malta, he brought the most splendid message of courage imaginable to men fearful of shipwreck, but the same words might easily irritate a sufferer from sea-sickness; and he who has the heart to chaff the victims of this malady is no better than the wag in Artemus Ward's book, who accosted one with a plate of pork swimming in gravy!

Yet the tremendous interest of the protean sea

itself is immeasurably greater than that of the human aspect of a voyage. Even though time cannot stale the infinite variety of the ocean, a man's first considerable voyage is the memory of a lifetime. I can still, after the lapse of sixteen years, recall all the wonderful sensations of six weeks on the P. & O. *Oceana*, outward bound from Brindisi to Australia, and of eleven more by the *Rakaia*, a tramp chartered by the B.I. line, homeward from Brisbane by way of the Barrier Reef and Batavia. The shoals of the Red Sea, the sunsets of the Indian Ocean, the rollers of the Australian Bight, the sweet peace of Sydney Harbour, the calm beauty of Whitsunday Passage, the green proximity of shores in Albany Pass, the crowded ports of Java and Ceylon—these, with the sharks and flying-fish and albatrosses and whales, made a series of impressions that are ineradicable. Other voyages in both hemispheres have since familiarised me with the sea in all its changing moods, but I have never parted with the memory of my first handshake with the ocean.

I am never certain whether the sea is more terrible in calm or in anger. Some men fear it more than others. Those fear it most who know it best. Addison might write glibly of the "agreeable horror" of a storm at sea. Darwin might deride its terrors as overrated. Both were lands-

men. Aristotle, a landsman also, but inspired to better purpose, knew better when he classed the sea with earthquakes as things all men must fear. There is an echo of the same sentiment in his countrymen, the Greek sailors in *Eothen*, who stood "pale and grim under their hooded capotes, like monks awaiting a massacre." The commonest error of landsmen is to fear it only in its wrath. They are cowed by the combers that hiss against the ship's sides or that fling themselves impotently against the granite buttresses of the land. They are terrified by those moving mountains of green water tipped with white, in which the vessel seems as if, every moment, she must broach to and founder. They hold their breath in presence of the gigantic paroxysm, and feel convinced that neither man's science nor his faith in God can avert the threatened doom. In the oily calm of the ocean their inexperienced eyes read no sinister warning. That there is something terrible in an angry sea is not to be denied, but to the mariner it is most to be dreaded in sight of land, where the landsman would fear it least. It is, in fact, in its grim alliance with the rocks and shoals, that cruel compact by which the victors share the flotsam and jetsam of the fray, that the real danger of sea-travel is to be found. When we reckon the number of overdue vessels that have actually

foundered in mid-ocean, allowing that the holocaust of such as perish by fire is no fault of the sea, we shall find it insignificant by comparison with those which go to pieces on a lee shore. To the eye that knows it, the ocean is often most terrible in its calms. At such moments, the arch-deceiver is least to be trusted. Yet, knowing its treachery, men continue to embark their all . . .

perfida, sed, quamvis perfida, cara tamen . . .

There are sinuous calms in which all Nature seems to hold its breath in speechless excitement. Viewed from a reeling deck between sea and sky, such stillness suggests the purring of a tiger before the spring. The claws are hidden in the velvet, but it needs only a rising gale to bare them for battle. Previous to the art of navigation, such deceit was, as Lucretius says, ineffectual, but since ships have sailed the main its successes have been terrible. The sailormen know the sea for their enemy, even as the mountain folk know the peaks. They go to it for a livelihood, because there are softer men to do the work ashore. The writers of every land have sung its wickedness in calm and in storm.

Elle rugit, puis moutonne,

wrote Hugo in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*; first the bellowing bull and then the bleating lamb;

always the enemy. That is why the silence of the sea is disconcerting. A blustering enemy is always less terrible than one who plots in silence. The calm to be trusted is that which comes after the storm, for it is the exhaustion of the elements, the truce of the Titans. The wind dies away on far horizons. The sun breaks through dispersing clouds. "Peace be still!" It is a mandate which the raging waters dare not disregard. It is a benediction.

In the ghostly stillness that precedes a storm there is none of this natural peace. I have seen a hurricane break with ungovernable rage on the shores of Cuba within an hour of perfect calm. This was off Santiago, the last ditch of gallant Cervera, and was the only occasion on which, in skies roofing a hundred degrees of latitude, I ever saw the cloud literally no bigger than a man's hand come up from the rim of the sea and burst in fury over the land. Once, too, on the low shores of Florida, I saw the Gulf of Mexico change in a quarter of an hour from the calm of death to screaming fury, and in this case the gale came out of a cloudless sky, no uncommon phenomenon in the tropics, and the low trees that fringe the coral keys gave no warning rustle before the entire scene was pandemonium. One other memory of sudden sea storm comes back to me over many years from

the coast of Queensland. I see again the great steamer anchored in the open roads off one of the ports a few miles south of the sheltering Barrier Reef. A continuous file of lighters moves between her and the quay, laden with wool and gold, with which to feed her yawning hatches. It is a sultry evening of September, the Pacific hushed in a silence as of the grave, and blue lightnings stabbing the blackness that hangs low over the land. The calm of the ocean is such as might well deceive any landsman unfamiliar with those latitudes. But the Captain knows better. An order is telegraphed from bridge to engine-room in the nick of time. Of a sudden, the wind comes whistling out of the south-east, a white line spreads across the blackness of the ocean and bears swiftly down upon us. The trained eye of the master mariner has read the sinister signs aright, and, instead of dragging her anchors and drifting on the shore, *Rakaia* steams jauntily northward, paying no heed to the catspaws that slap her starboard side, and leaving the half-empty lighters to get back as best they may and await the coming of the next vessel in a fortnight's time. The delay may anger Bradford, which will be waiting for its wool, but better keep Bradford waiting for a couple of weeks than go for ever to a destination where manifestos and bills of lading do not run!

The Voyage

It was the fancy of the ancients to name new seas after the mood in which they first found them. The seas do not always live up to their reputation. There are days on which parts of the Pacific are a maelstrom of liquid madness. The Greeks, in a moment of unwonted frankness, called the Black Sea *Axeinos*. Then their politeness got the better of their judgment and they changed its name to *Euxeinos*. First impressions, however, were best. In winter time, so I was told at Samsoun and Trebizond, its wrath is terrible to behold even from the shore, for it is lashed to fury by the January gales that drape Stamboul in snow for weeks together. In all the five hundred and fifty miles of its southern shore, Batoum is the only port. At Ineboli, Kerassund and the rest, the *Messageries* and *Paquet* steamers must roll in open roads, while ponderous lighters are rowed to and fro by brawny Lazes. In summer time, however, matters are quieter, and there is rare beauty along that Anatolian coast, the little villages perched amid the cliffs recalling scenes in Cornwall.

In these days of universal tourist travel, every kind of voyage, short or long, in cold seas or through the tropics, in open water or in zigzag course among islands, is available. Those who seek a short spell of ocean travel of a hundred hours' duration should take one of the Union

Castle boats, like the *Avondale Castle*, from Southampton to Madeira. Three days and four nights in mid-Atlantic are a wonderful tonic for a jaded system, and Funchal in springtime is wholly delightful. Two sea voyages in great favour with tourists are those organised by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company to Morocco and the West Indies, and both of them combine all that is most enjoyable in ocean travel and coasting, with frequent ports of call. The run to Morocco, touching at four or five ports, and home by the islands, occupies a month and is exceedingly moderate in its fares. It affords a glimpse of the Nearest East —the East which on the map is West—now, alas! losing much of its romance in European hands, and of an archipelago ruled by Spain and Portugal. The longer trip is to New York by way of the West Indies and Spanish Main, one of the most delightful sea jaunts in the world. It begins and ends with days of sea and sky, while the time between is filled with almost daily ports of call: breezy Bridgetown, hot Trinidad, the steep hills of La Guaira, the white streets of Cartagena, rich in memories of Drake and the Inquisition, the steaming avenues of Colon, with a glance at the Canal and a night in cooler Panama, then Kingston, a phœnix newly risen from the ashes, and, last, the bracing hustle of New York.

The Voyage

As has been said, the Gulf of Mexico is peculiarly liable to sudden fits of rage. Crossing it from the Isthmus to New Orleans, or from Tampa to Key West, the traveller remembers that he is passing through the Gulf Stream, which, originating on the West Coast of Africa, crosses and recrosses the Atlantic, finally losing its individuality a little west of Britain. From the Isthmus of Panama to the mouths of the Mississippi I travelled on board a little fruit steamer that loaded bananas for New Orleans at Port Limon. At the port of Costa Rica we took in over a quarter of a million bunches in the day, fed into the open hatches along endless bands, which took them off the trains that ran alongside the quay. Having gorged this stupendous meal, the little *Preston* lurched gallantly northward into the mud brought down by the Missouri and moored alongside the old French city.

The great Southern Ocean, which heaves between Australia and the South Pole, is perhaps the most appalling of them all. Though less feared by mariners than the Atlantic, it leaves a more tremendous impression of loneliness, and the great liner, rolling helpless in the Bight, with her restless convoy of wheeling albatrosses and screaming mollymauks, seems, after having had the upper hand in all her earlier struggles, the merest play-

thing of the ocean until she turns the corner of Cape Howe. Even then there are days on which the Pacific rollers fling themselves against the mighty fabric of Sydney Heads with all the violence of which Nature in her naked savagery is capable.

North, south, east and west the sea weaves its witchery. It is a cunning enemy, and one that can afford to wait. It plays with men and ships as a cat plays with mice. It purrs, then scratches, then kills. Its treachery is sublime. On land, there is no treachery to compare with it. Earthquakes and volcanoes take their sudden toll, but only in well-defined zones, within which those who choose to rebuild their homes in defiance of the elemental forces do so at their own risk. This might also, no doubt, be said of those who go down to the sea in ships, but, as a rule, they have no choice. One of these days the conquest of the air may offer an alternate route free from danger, and then the tyrant will be robbed of a portion of its prey. Yet, apart from the survival of fisheries and other traffic, there must always, so long as human nature is greedy of gain, be aged tramps that continue to ply for low rates, affording unprincipled folk a chance of gambling in men's lives. The sea, the unsympathetic, malignant, boundless, wanton sea, will still suck down its

victims, still levy tribute from the sons of man, still leave the wives and sweethearts red-eyed beside empty hearths. Such is its hateful pleasure. It guards our shores, no doubt, but, guarding, pounds them, pulverising the cliffs, undermining the coast towns with irresistible erosion. As the author of the *Faerie Queene* has it—

> . . . the seas . . . by often beating,
> Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weare.

Going to sea for pleasure is a wholly modern development, virtually dating from the introduction of steam. In the reign of William and Mary, the Channel passage, between Dover and Calais, cost five shillings, with as much again for the use of the cabin, and a third sum of like amount in fees to customs officers, ferrymen, and boatmen on landing. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu paid five guineas for a special sailing boat to avoid crossing at night. As late as 1800, Monsieur D'Arblay was detained for days in a storm off Margate; and on another occasion Madame D'Arblay was compelled to wait for six weeks at Dunkirk while the captain touted for more passengers! Compared with such privations, the precision and comfort of modern sea travel is remarkable, and a few words on the practical aspects of a voyage may bring this chapter to a close.

Much of the traveller's comfort at sea will

depend on the size and position of his cabin, or (as it is more pretentiously styled nowadays) state-room. Its size varies with the price paid, but the position is largely a matter of choice, and some knowledge goes to the choosing. When travelling in temperate latitudes due east or west, as between Liverpool and New York, one side of the ship is practically as good as the other, though the cabins on the port (or left) side will obviously (remembering that the sun is south at noon) be warmer on the outward and cooler on the homeward journey than those on the starboard (or right) side. For the same reason, passengers on southbound ships voyaging to Australia or the West Indies, should likewise choose a port cabin, with one on the starboard side for the return trip, as this selection assures a cool cabin at night, which may, in hot weather, be a boon. The choice between upper or lower berth, always supposing that it is necessary to share the cabin with another, is a matter of taste. On a Pullman car there can be little doubt about the lower berth being the more comfortable, for it not only dispenses with the clamber up a rickety ladder held by a negro, but it also, as a rule, commands the only window. Where, however, as is often the case, the upper berth in the cabin has the porthole, it is to be preferred, but those who suffer from sea-sickness

should, for the sake of all concerned, occupy the lower. When the ship is full, and two, or even three, have to share the cabin, much tact is called for unless it is to be a bear-garden, and, as a matter of fact, the arrangement which throws perfect strangers into such intimacy is very barbarous. Get as near amidships as possible.

The question of luggage is a complex one. There are few more reliable indications of an individual's character than the luggage he travels with, and nothing but long experience can teach just the right quality and quantity to take on a sea voyage. It should in any case be very plainly marked, and the various labels supplied by the company, indicating whether it is to go in the cabin or hold, and whether it is likely to be wanted before the end of the voyage, should be securely affixed to each package. The amount allowed inside the cabin is, for obvious reasons, strictly limited, and the passenger is not, in fact, legally entitled to more than a single cabin-trunk (approximately 2 ft. 8 in. long, 1 ft. 6 in. broad, and 1 ft. 2 in. deep) that can be stowed away under his berth. An obliging steward and acquiescent fellow-passenger occasionally make this allowance an elastic quantity, but the traveller should be prepared to make shift with the regulation allowance.

Behind the Ranges

If I say a passing word on the subject of sea-sickness, it is, since I have never suffered from it myself, only in sincere sympathy with its victims. Though the ship's doctor has drugs capable of alleviating the worst degrees of misery, the perfect cure has yet to be invented. In mild cases, determination counts for something, If the patient feel hopeless, there is nothing for it but to stay in the cabin, full length in the bunk, face to the wall, eyes closed, if possible asleep. The golden rule of prevention is to avoid looking at the sea or at anything moving, like a swing-lamp. If possible, the port should be kept open, but curtained. Fresh air and subdued light are enemies to sea-sickness. The sufferer should make an effort to go on deck, as the open air is better than a stuffy cabin, but the deck-chair should be turned round so as not to face the sea. Any foolhardy resolve to go down to meals, come what may, is martyrdom for all concerned.

It is only possible to keep fit during a sea voyage by feeding in moderation and taking exercise. Otherwise, the conditions would demoralise Sandow himself.

It is wisdom to realise as early in the voyage as possible that the Captain is master on board his own ship. His powers are, in theory, almost greater than those of the Tsar of all the Russias,

though, on passenger boats at any rate, he usually exercises them with great moderation. He is, while at sea, the only magistrate on board. He can marry you, bury you, or put you under arrest. He is Cæsar, and discontented people appeal to him on the most trivial pretexts. He is also, for his sins, regarded as a living "Enquire Within on Everything," and is therefore the recipient of many ridiculous questions that would soon throw anyone less level-headed into an ungovernable rage.

Here are half a dozen hints that may be found worth acting on.

1. Do not talk scandal. It is better to be its object than its purveyor.

2. Do not (unless you are a very attractive woman) worry the Captain with foolish questions about weather, whales and waterspouts.

3. Do not introduce second-class passengers on the first-class deck. Do not, if travelling in the first-class, intrude in the second or third, as if you had come to see the animals feed.

4. Do not play practical jokes. You may be in high spirits yourself, but many people suffer, while at sea, from what Sir Ernest Shackleton calls "Arctic temper," and they have a right to be left in peace.

5. Whenever the ship is in port, keep your

cabin door locked and the ports screwed down, particularly in the Mediterranean or along the Spanish Main, where the distinction between mine and thine is hazy. The stewards and quartermasters are too busy to do policemen's work.

6. Be good friends with the Captain, Purser, Doctor, and Chief Steward. Be good friends with everyone else.

At journey's ending comes the peace of the harbour. In reality, it is often less peace than pandemonium, for people are in as great a hurry to leave the ship on the last day of the voyage as they were to join her on the first. Yet, of itself, this coming to port should be a restful ending, and the approach to the vessel's anchorage affords opportunity of speculating on the extent to which the harbour reflects the hinterland. As a matter of experience, the coast scenery is rarely any clue to what lies behind, for it either promises much that is unfulfilled, or it does less than justice to the interior of the country. In the case of estuary ports, since the majority of rivers degenerate in their tidal reaches, the harbour is inferior to the background. Yet something must always depend on the traveller's taste, and at the end of a long and tedious sea voyage the barest inland landscape will be preferable to the finest scenery on the coast, and a sensation of repose will in such

cases invest the most homely scenes with a charm not appreciated by residents. Sydney Harbour, perhaps the most beautiful anchorage in all the world, does nothing to prepare the immigrant for the desolation that awaits him inland. Nowhere else in the State of New South Wales, unless it be in the distant Blue Mountains or on the upper reaches of the Hawkesbury, is there any beauty to compare with that of "our Harbour," and the low and barren shores of Botany Bay would make a far more appropriate introduction to the tedium of the bush. It is on the Queensland coast that we find unpretentious gateways, like Moreton Bay and the estuary of the Fitzroy River, more in keeping with the homeliness of Brisbane and the drab environs of Rockhampton.

Whether for better or for worse, the harbour is rarely any guide to the scenes it leads to. Not the most patriotic Englishman could find in the Thames below bridges, or in Southampton Water, any hint of the peace of Berkshire orchards or of the fairyland in the New Forest. In Java, again, we find the converse of the condition noticed at Sydney, for while entering the city slums by way of Sydney Harbour is like passing some alabaster Moorish gate, only to find a refuse heap nosed by pariahs, those who come to the mountains of Java through the mangrove-fringed port of Tanjong

Priak will rather feel as if they had been brought through some humble side-postern full on the appalling majesty of St. Peter's. The malarial harbour holds out no invitation to visit the quaint streets of Batavia or the gorgeous gardens of Buitenzoorg. Even Marseilles, with here and there a dominant note in the church on the hilltop, or the ruined Château d'If, gives little promise of the beauties of the Rhone valley or of the picturesqueness of Montelimar, Arles and Avignon. The lovely sweep of Naples Bay has nothing comparable in the wretched environs of the city; on the other hand, the homely features of Leghorn would never suggest the beauty of the hills that guard Florence. Algiers is as alluring as its hinterland is severe, but Tangier gives early promise of the eternal desert, for the steamer's deck is dusted with hot sand even before her anchor is down. Hamburg is more in keeping with the sober Prussian character of its joyless surroundings. I remember, on one occasion in March, taking twenty hours to plough patiently through a frozen Elbe, between Cuxhaven and Altona, and in such mood the river was more than ever characteristic of the scenery I found inland.

Calais, like Hamburg, is in harmony with what lies behind, the flat ugliness of Northern France. So, for the matter of that, is Dover, with its noble

cliffs, a fitting portal for the orchards and hop-fields of fertile Kent. The contrast between Dover and Calais marks the difference between Kent and Artois.

The peace of the harbour comes with the turmoil of creaking cordage, the rattling of chains, the whistling of tugboats, and the shouting of orders. It is journey's ending. According to circumstances, it is a crowded moment of regret or relief. And, within a few minutes, the staunch old ship that has been our citadel on the waters passes out of memory. Such is human gratitude.

" A tavola ronda non si contende."

Cakes and Ale

PEACHAM, writing of France in *The Compleat Gentleman* (1634), says:—

> Concerning their Dyet it is nothing so good or plentifull as ours, they contenting themselves many times with meane viandes . . . as for the poor Paisant, he is faine oftentimes to make up his meale with a Mushrome, or his Grenoilles (in English, Frogs), the which are in Paris and many other places commonly sold in the Market.

The French *cuisine* must have changed in the last two and a half centuries if a travelling tutor of that day could fairly describe it as "meane viandes"! Yet, even to-day, there are many to whom a leg of mutton, boiled with capers, or a rib of beef, half-roasted, with horseradish, stands for delight beyond the magic of Benoist. These preferences are a matter of taste, and there is nothing to sneer at in such honest yeoman's fare, which is certainly more nourishing and less harmful than the "pretty little tiny kickshaws" of foreign tables. There are likewise honest souls who would rather read the prose of Miss Emma

Jane Worboise than that of Balzac, and who see more beauty in the stanzas of Miss Ann Taylor

(e.g. "Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread")

than in *Les Nuits* of de Musset. There are insular epicures who chafe at the bare mention of foreign cookery, regarding it, with Colonel Peter Hawker, as "messes of butter, sugar, and Lord knows what . . . greasy, sugary, salt, and acid. . . ." They would go round the world cheerfully on a daily diet of chops and bottled beer, and in Austria, at any rate, they should in future find food to tickle their patriotic palates, for the Minister of Public Works has organised a course of State instruction in foreign cookery for hotel-keepers. The bliss of eating a haggis in a restaurant of Vienna, or a Cornish pasty at a window-table in Budapest, is not one to be lightly dismissed!

On the whole, no doubt, this wholesome English fare is safest, and even in his food it is probable that the traveller will always return to his first love. Moreover, English cooking is vastly improved, and those who travel on liners need no longer ask, with Thackeray, why they should always put mud in the coffee, or why the tea should generally taste of boiled boots. At the same time, it should be part of the traveller's

experience to try the dishes and wines of such countries as he visits. There is ample opportunity for eating eggs and bacon and drinking elderberry wine at home. A nation's food is an index to its character quite as much as its literature, its music, or its art. A *mayonnaise* of sturgeon, fresh from the Black Sea, eaten in a shady verandah of Batoum, and washed down with a bottle of the amber wine of the Caucasus, gives one clue, at any rate, to modern Georgian taste, and those who would realise the Creole ideal of hospitality must be prepared to eat "pepper-pot" and drink rum. He who cannot at least feign enthusiasm over such food of the country is a killjoy. This intelligent interest in other dishes than our own is not greed, and entails none of the reproach which troubled the conscience of Sydney Smith in his calculation of the food that he had eaten in his lifetime. It is the difference between the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*, between the hoggish appetite for quantity and the artistic appreciation of art.

If there is one national dish that puzzles the understanding of those who eat their meals in the neutral climate of Britain, it is the curry of India. They cannot understand why a dish so highly spiced should be indispensable in so hot a climate. A Madras curry at Mount Lavinia, a rice tag at Batavia, or a pepper-pot (the West

Indian equivalent of curry) at Port of Spain or Kingston seems as incomprehensible to them as the notion of Captain Scott eating ice-cream at the South Pole. The explanation of the curry's popularity is, of course, the stimulus to jaded appetites. There are, even at home, rare days in summer when people feel little relish for their dinner, and the combination of a high thermometer and the freshly killed meat alone procurable in the East makes such condiments absolutely necessary. The word "curry," by the way, is an interesting illustration of the Asiatic parentage of so many European words. As we know it to-day, it is generally regarded as the English form of the Tamil *kari*. Yet there is a MS. cookery-book of the reign of Richard II, the title of which runs: "A forme of cury compiled of the chef maister cokes of King Richard the Secunde." As its hundred and ninety-six recipes include boiled porpoise, it is evident that the word "cury" denoted any sort of cooking.

One of the best-known dishes of Western Europe is the Marseilles *bouillabaisse*, that wonderful fish-chowder of which Thackeray inaccurately enumerates the ingredients as

> Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
> Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace.

I doubt whether any of these three fish ever

figures in the dish. Red mullets and *rascasses* (i.e. sea-scorpions), with crayfish, lobster, and various molluscs, are the basis of *bouillabaisse*, which is served with a saffron sauce. Many's the time I have sat at a little side-table at the unpretentious Café des Phocéens, in the Rue des Récollettes, kept by Isnard, and eaten more than enough of this appetising hotch-potch. The Marseillaise take legitimate pride in their national dish, but unfortunately, misled by the praise which foreigners ungrudgingly bestow on their one culinary achievement, they run away with the idea that their cooking generally is the last word in the art beloved of Brillat-Savarin, whereas, if the whole truth must be told, much of it is the crudest conjuring with garlic and onions. The full enjoyment of *bouillabaisse* does not, it must be confessed, encourage pretty manners at table. Not even a Chesterfield could eat this mess of broken fish and bread dipped in saffron broth with any approach to elegance; and he is happiest who, when busy *chez* Isnard, has no acquaintance in Marseilles above the social rank of the whiskered waiter who hangs on his eloquent praises of the fare. It is never, I think, an acquired taste. Some essay it once, from a sense of duty, but never return to it. I have even seen very English Englishmen push it away untried, revolted perhaps by the sight of such

débris, which certainly suggests to the unfriendly eye the salvage from a submarine earthquake. Unlike caviare or olives, it has no insidious spell with which to win the reluctant palate. It takes a man by storm, or leaves him cold. It is love at first sight, or antipathy for life. I am not among its passionate admirers, and some of its charm for myself lies in its difference from any dish one gets at home. But then I would, for the sake of a new sensation, cheerfully eat lobscouse in the foc'sle.

Mention has been made of "pepper-pot," and the Caribbean cookery, of which it is typical, is less crude than some travellers would have us believe. Inexpensive it is, because in the first place the resources of the West Indian larder are restricted, and, in the second, much of the glory of those pleasant islands is departed and residents have to exercise economy. They could not therefore afford such a dish as delighted Vitellius, with its flamingoes' tongues, mackerels' livers, peacocks' brains, and the "milk" of lampreys, an ingredient that should be more costly than radium. But only vulgarians nowadays esteem a dish for its cost, and I have messed at clubs in the West Indies on such fare as might reasonably tempt a fakir to break his vows in Ramadan. A dish of flying-fish in Barbados, a roasted lappe in Trinidad, a crab-

back or pastel in Jamaica would earn the praise of connoisseurs, east or west.

Fish lends itself peculiarly to the curious arts of the *chef*, though the fish course has lost some of its importance in modern times, We no longer, like the Roman senators, pay fifty sovereigns for a red mullet, nor, having espoused the Simple Life, do we expect our cook to commit suicide, as Vatel did, if the fish should come too late for dinner. We still, however, set a value on fresh fish well served. The flying-fish of Barbados, cooked straight from the nets and then eaten right off the grid, is better than sole or salmon. Having, on one occasion, eaten the greater part of a shoal at the Bridgetown Club, I sang its praises for two years. At the end of that time I found myself at table in an hotel on the island, and on this occasion I did not get beyond one mouthful of the first fish, for it was stale. Worse still, I had around me a company of disgusted shipmates, whom I had prepared for the surprise of their lives. They got it. I was unpopular for a week after.

One of the most agreeable fish dinners I ever sat down to was in the French quarter of New Orleans. The dudes of New York pretend to despise the *cuisine* of the Southern States, yet not for all the dollars in Wall Street could Sherry's or Delmonico's set before its guests a more appetising

meal of river-shrimps, served with red peppers on powdered ice, and boiled pompano, most delicate fish in all the Gulf of Mexico, than may be had any evening at Antoine's.

The cooking in the North combines quality and quantity. A menu *à la carte* in a fashionable New York restaurant is a formidable document, even to a greedy man. It may offer the choice of thirty salads and a dozen soups, with such startling contrasts to spur the jaded appetite as highly spiced dishes served on ice, or ice-cream surrounded with a boiling sauce. As an instance of the latter, I recollect, at Delmonico's, a famous sweet that was named *Pêche rosadelle*, in memory of a deceased wife of the proprietor of that famous establishment. The stone of the peach was removed and the cavity filled with strawberry ice-cream, the whole being served with hot chocolate sauce. Here, surely, was a nightmare among sweets, calculated to shock the stranger of simple tastes, but it was delicious all the same. Iced water is drunk at table, even by many of the smart set. I would I could add that it is also drunk at other times, but, as a matter of fact, the average American reserves his teetotalism for the publicity of the restaurant. In America, even more than in England, it is not so much what you do as what others see you do.

Cakes and Ale

By way of contrast with these modern eccentricities of the American table, the Near East has some ancient dishes of perhaps greater interest to the student of table history. Oil and spices are important ingredients, and disguise is their keynote. *Pilaf*, in some form or other, is found on every Turkish table. Like the *kous-kous* of Morocco, it is a mess of flesh or fowl served with boiled rice or other grain, and it sometimes takes the form of *kebabs*, balls of forced meat, in a steaming heap of rice. Although the use of knives and forks has become more general in Turkey since the Constitution, the Turks still like their eating made easy, and a dish like *moussaka*, consisting of chopped meat cooked with beans, is not only easily eaten, but makes all sorts of meat passable which, served *au naturel*, would offend a vulture. Herein also lies the attraction of the *dolma*, sometimes called *yalandji*, or "the liar." Subtly as a yashmak veils the pale face of some Circassian beauty, so does the crumpled vine leaf of the *dolma* hide the exact proportion of the meat, oils and spices that go to make it. Mackerel and other small fish of the Bosphorus are also boned and stuffed with a savoury seasoning of onions and peppers. The Turk does not, in fact, approve of the whole boiled fish, or warmed bird, which finds favour on English

tables. He prefers mystery even in his meals. It is a sound principle of cookery, of which concealment is the art; and those who think such disguise superfluous might as well pry into the secrets of the kitchen and watch their food being prepared. Among lighter dishes, the Turk has a weakness for his *kaimak* and *yagurt*, the former clotted cream, the latter an acid version of Devonshire junket.

Of all the food of his wanderings, the traveller will probably recall with least effort the dessert. The passion-fruit of Australia, often eaten with sherry or other wine, is a pleasant but, to my mind, overrated delicacy. The sickly mango of the West Indies I dislike as much as I cherish the ripe green fig of the Levant. The durian is a fruit which smells like drains, but he who, having some control over his nose, can eat it without regard to its frightful aroma is said to win a prize. Personally, I tried and failed. Fruit grown under kinder skies than ours may be had at prices at which even suburban greengrocers would wince. I have bought a large, ripe Jamaica pineapple for one penny, a clothes-basket full of ripe white-heart cherries in Asia Minor for a franc, oranges in Jaffa and bananas at Brisbane for little more than the asking.

Before the Turks became civilised by contact

with Europeans, they were total abstainers, though the upper class, including several Sultans, partook too freely of the national spirit, *raki*, which, by a delightful casuistry, is not, like wine, specifically condemned by the Koran. Even to-day, the rank and file, at any rate outside the Greek quarter of the cities, still prefer tea or coffee. The tea is vile, and the coffee superb. Those officers, however, who have served with German regiments drink their champagne, claret, or beer in public places as they would not have dared when the spies of Yildiz lurked behind every pillar.

Mention of alcoholic drink reminds me of the curious contrast I found in the public attitude towards it on two visits to the United States, a wave of prohibition having in the meanwhile rolled from New York State south and west, over prairie and savannah, reaching even to the Gulf Coast and Pacific Slope. Congress had apparently found itself in the same predicament as the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and was determined to bring up its vast family of mixed parentage by the terror of the law. Disraeli once said of Brougham that the lawyer had spoilt the statesman, and the same criticism would have applied to half the men in Congress at the time. Seattle and St. Louis forbade the sale of cigarettes; Texas and Arizona prohibited liquor on the trains.

Horse-racing was banished on all sides. Laws were introduced penalising kissing. As we of older and saner communities foresaw, these maniacs in pursuit of the millennium achieved only a very moderate measure of success. Where, personally, I anticipated inconvenience, I found evasion so easy as to be unattractive. During three days on the southern railroads which traverse the Prohibition States, I drank wine freely and without interference, though it had to be white wine, and I had furthermore, for appearance' sake, to drink it from a cup, so that to the prying eye of any sanctimonious busybody it might suggest cold bouillon. At Seattle I bought a hundred cigarettes in three days, pretending the while to be purchasing cigars in case some detective might be hanging about the entrance to the store. The storekeeper would spread a newspaper casually over the counter, and, while I was ostensibly looking at the cigars laid upon it, he was passing me packets of cigarettes underneath, begging me *sotto voce* not to light up until I had turned the next corner. Such tricks are worthy of monkeys, but what are you to do when the State interferes with your harmless indulgences! Yet, these failures notwithstanding, our American friends take pathetic pride in the success of their morality by legislation, contrasting it comfortably with

their own conception of English society, according to which it is rare for any member of the British aristocracy to appear in public unless he is intoxicated. When I was last in the Dominion, the Prohibition mania had also infected the Lower Provinces, and it was very difficult to procure wine or spirits at all, and quite impossible to do so without all manner of humiliating subterfuge.

Under more charitable auspices, wines of the country are an interesting study. Madeira is the home of an extraordinary variety of vintages, and I remember how a friend and myself, having nothing better to do, once started at opposite ends of the wine list at Reid's hotel, keeping strictly to wines of the island and not even sampling the *Collares* of the mother country. We met, near the middle, at a wine, the name of which I have forgotten. Anyhow, its bouquet struck us simultaneously, and we took it during the rest of our stay, to cool us on hot days, to cheer us on cold,

aut quælibet altera causa,

until at last we exhausted the bin and had to fall back on the next best. Turkey has no native wine, unless we count as such the red and white *Balkan* made in the country by Germans. The Caucasus, on the other hand, has a few excellent wines, and I recall with gratitude an amber-

coloured *Wassipoff* that was nectar in the suffocating August heat of Tiflis and that, not far, indeed, from the frontier of his native land, made me recall Fitzgerald's version of old 'Umar Al Khayyam—

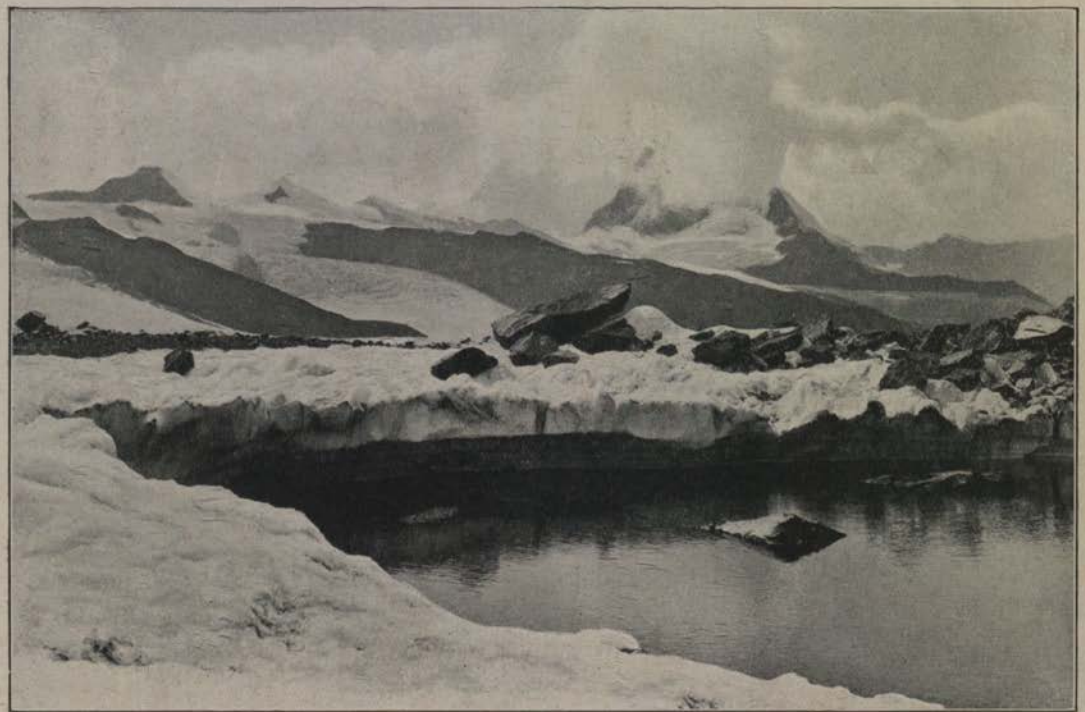
> . . . I often wonder what the Vintners buy
> One half so precious as the Goods they sell!

After the wine, the tobacco, and of all my memories of nicotine, the *nargileh*, or hubble-bubble, which I first smoked in the public bath at Damascus, is perhaps the strangest. It is just a hookah, or water-pipe, the tobacco, which lies in a little bowl, being lighted with a small red-hot coal. I do not remember that I particularly enjoyed it, but it was a bit of local colouring that I could not resist, and I took it from the attendant rather than ask for the cheap and excellent Régie cigarettes (first quality, twenty for eightpence!) that I should have preferred. Ten years earlier I had tried a similar experiment, and with even less success, smoking Indian hemp in a Moorish kief-pipe. The kief-pipe is fitted with a tiny bowl, or *shkaf*, of baked clay and with a wooden stem, or *sibsi*, beautifully ornamented. The *kief*, or *hashich*, is supposed to bring rapturous visions of those peerless houris of musk who people Paradise for the everlasting entertainment of the Faithful. For the sake of greater security from the public eye,

and uncertain how such apparitions might affect me, I locked myself in my room at the hotel with all the apparatus for my essay. Then, with due solemnity, I smoked my first pipeful of *kief*. The houris stayed away, and the stuff tasted vile. Fighting down my distaste for it, however, I deliberately smoked a second pipeful. That did it. I obtained a result—I was sick. That was the beginning and end of my kief-smoking, and the reader may like to profit by my experience. The retrospect is not edifying, and I turn with relief to the sweeter fragrance that is wafted across the years, that themselves have vanished like its blue smoke, from a perfect Havana cigar which I smoked with Mr. Upmann as we watched the girls trooping out of his factory at the ending of a summer's day. It only needed the strains of an orchestra to make a most realistic setting of a familiar scene in *Carmen*.

Those who consider a temperate interest in the affairs of the table less artistic than swinish will, I hope, have passed over this chapter and sought me in more congenial mood. Personally, however, I never felt any more shame in enjoying a good meal than in looking at a beautiful picture or listening to divine music. It is an appeal to one sense and not to the others, and a well-laid table is scenery for the stomach. After all, we eat

moderately enough nowadays. What would twenty-one people say if they were asked to sit down to such a dinner as was served to Peter the Great at the King's Arms, Godalming? The *menu* included five ribs of beef weighing forty-two pounds; one sheep, ditto fifty pounds; item, three quarters of lamb; item, a shoulder and loin of veal; item, eighty pullets and eight rabbits! These trifles were washed down with a dozen of claret and two-and-a-half dozen of sack. That was work for able-bodied trenchermen indeed. But the quiet appreciation of good cooking is a very different matter. Even so fastidious a person as Disraeli wrote to his sister from Alexandria, telling her how he had enjoyed the "substantial fame" of the excellent dinners given to him by a wealthy resident out of compliment to his father, who, in those early days, was more celebrated than the son. A man may appreciate the wine of a country in moderation, yet he need not approach it with a thirst that dwells fondly on the wine-waggons that run into Paris on the P.L.M. railway.



"Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh."

The High Places

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice,
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice.
They were the chosen music, liberty.

TO him who lacks poetic imagination, this vaunted liberty of sea and mountains amounts to very little, for they are the tyrants of Nature and beget tyrants as violent as themselves. True, the mountaineers of every land defend their eyries with savage bravery against invaders, but they are dreaded tyrants to the feebler men of the plains. True, the Sea Powers of the eighteenth century were the pioneers of liberty, but the sea cradled the pirates and buccaneers of every age. The sea is the worst autocrat in all Nature, and the mountains are deadly enemies to man. Yet, for all their treachery, there is, it is not to be denied, a sensation of freedom for him who can win it, climbing some towering peak and standing at the summit of creation, where he may breathe the rarer ether and look down on the little things of earth. Such a

one is uplifted by the freedom of the peaks more sublimely than even by the grandeur of the ocean.

Is there any delight of travel greater than that of riding for days into the hills? The Hill Difficult is the abiding challenge of life. The climb against odds whets the appetite for achievement. I would that I could recall the joys of genuine mountaineering. Alas! the alpine passion, with all its accessories of axe and rope, has left me cold. Fear and laziness have combined to keep me from the narrow paths that wind into cloudland, and I have been content to wander in the saddle on such wider tracks as could be trusted on horseback, much in the same spirit as those hunting folk who go by the lanes, leaving the hedges to the brave. We cannot all be heroes, and it was never my ambition to moulder in a crevasse. Into the hills, then, I have ridden in several continents, and ever with the same relish of purpose constantly baffled, but always attainable, the promise of the something hidden behind the ranges. There is little danger in such excursions, but on one occasion I was nearly the something myself. It was in the hills which look down on the arid plain of Jericho. Through a glorious gorge, overlooked by an ancient Greek monastery, runs the little Wady Kelt, said to be Elijah's Brook Cherith, where the prophet was fed by

ravens. After bathing and fishing in the river, I got on my horse and took a short cut back to the high road, which nearly proved to be the longest "short cut" in all my experience, for the sorry hireling of Jerusalem stumbled at the edge of a precipice, and, with another inch or two of side slip, I should have ridden straight into eternity. On another occasion, in the Atlas Mountains, one of the soldiers who formed my native escort, a man born and bred in the neighbourhood, suddenly vanished over the edge, horse and all. It was one of those sickening moments of catastrophe when time seems to stand still, but the man managed, miraculously as it seemed, to clutch at a dwarfed bush growing on the brink and to snatch his slippered feet from the long stirrups, and he hauled himself back to safety. The unfortunate horse went down a couple of thousand feet, food for the vultures that would quickly gather for the feast.

This is the dreadful enmity of the mountains, treacherous even to their own children, who love them only as a refuge against other enemies, but never for themselves. The children of the valleys love them even less, for they not only harbour fierce tribesmen who raid their homesteads, but, while they may guard their pastures from devastating winds, they also send down avalanches

to overwhelm them. Indeed, the superstitious peasants of the Swiss valleys hold the evil spirits of the summits responsible for the dreadful scourge of cretinism, the infectious idiocy bred in such regions. For all their beauty, the High Places are always terrible. As Gray wrote of the Scotch mountains—

> None but these monstrous children of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror.

Johnson professed to find much of this Highland scenery contemptible, but Burt struck a more usual note when he described it as horrible.

As has been said, the risk of such mountaineering on horseback is not very great, but it is curious how it sometimes terrifies otherwise fearless horsemen unaccustomed to its perspective. I remember being much amused, when staying for some weeks in Madeira, with the manner in which a friend of mine, a man who has hunted his three days a week at home in every sort of country, would unobtrusively dismount and lead his horse whenever we rode round the Grand Curral or elsewhere in the hills, whereas I, a wretched horseman, one whose horse more often than not

> What thing upon its back had got,
> Did wonder more and more,

slid down the tracks on a stocky roan pony quite unconcerned, thanks to early experiences elsewhere.

Yet the delight always exceeds the danger. The snow-covered peak, which at sunrise seemed within easy distance, is as far away at nightfall, and at the ending of another day a great red moon still hangs like a lamp behind its receding grimness. It is this will-o'-the-wisp quality which makes the mountains so fascinating an objective. Fifteen thousand feet, with gradual ascent among the foothills, the summit may tower above the ocean, not the sharp and symmetrical peak of conventional scenery, but a jagged and irregular cluster of minor points, which man never yet trod and possibly never will. Yet the surveyor's theodolite bears no false witness, and by simple processes of trigonometry we know the height to a yard, without ever setting foot on the summit. Even a modest ride in the lower spurs brings curious contempt for the ease with which the cartographer etches half an inch of caterpillar as the symbol of a long day's arduous progress over broken ground.

Unless a man be fired with the passion that has made great reputations for the Conways, Whympers and Dents, he will take such lesser heights as stand in his path merely as a welcome departure from the dead level of everyday adventure. There

may, of course, be other motives for a clamber. Some wild goat or sheep, with a coveted trophy on its forehead, will take men into the eternal snows. Some shrinking alpine plant will lure the botanist. The student of the Beginning will climb that he may better study the rock masses in which their story is graven. There are even men who climb for climbing's sake, and not even in the hope of describing a new record in the journals of the Alpine Club. Their spirits rise as the aneroid falls, and, their holiday ended, they come back to the plains the better for their visit to the heights.

The vogue of scientific mountaineering for pastime is not, I think, much more than half a century old, though even in olden times a few enthusiasts would now and again climb a modest height for a new sensation, as when Trajan ascended Mount Etna to see the sunrise from its summit, or when Petrarch climbed a mountain near Vaucluse "to see what the top of a hill was like." As Ruskin says, this depends on the mood of the observer. The perspective changes with every upward step. The senses are sharpened. The eye grows keener, the ear more sensitive. He who looks down from the high places sweeps a wide horizon, but loses detail. Even in a theatre, the audience in the upper tiers, while missing much of the by-play enjoyed by those in the stalls, must nevertheless

obtain a series of impressions in the form of tableaux which probably elude those at the lower level. Even the watcher on the sea cliffs, mere molehills compared with the alpine peaks, has full view of an opposite coast or a distant vessel hidden from those who spy from the beach. Seen from the decks of fishing-smacks in the bay, the cliffs, so lofty to those who climb them, look mere heaps of sand or chalk, and the fishermen do not envy those on high their wider range, though they may occasionally be glad of guidance from "huers" on the look out for the shoals. The difference between the mountains and the valleys is even greater. Seen from the summit, the city of the plains, teeming with a hundred thousand natives, suggests no more than an ash heap, with no sound or movement to reveal the pulsing life of its alleys and bazaars. To realise the full significance of Ruskin's view, we must shake the dust of the plains from off our feet. If we are footsore and weary, the hills ahead frown derisively; but if, full of hope and high desire, we scramble above the clouds on paths that glitter with freshly fallen snow, then we are filled with peace and contentment, looking on the lammergeiers wheeling above the green valleys as if they were but chafers over a lawn. A sudden bend in the track gives a backward glimpse of the plains, and the bird's-eye view is as the index to a

book. Greater scope is vouchsafed, but little detail; broad areas of maize and barley, with the deeper green of fig trees, or the paler verdure of an olive grove, gradually merging in a colourless blur scarce distinguishable from the grey crags that starve the humblest lichens.

He who does his mountaineering on horseback has at any rate the advantage of being able to set full value on each point of view. I imagine that the real alpine climber, who trusts to his own feet to scale the pathless walls that reach aloft, must devote all his energies and faculties to the accomplishment of his splendid purpose. He who is content to ride along winding goat tracks has leisure to look around him instead of anxiously keeping his eyes fixed on high. The more he looks at the scenery, and the less he concerns himself with his horse, the better, for at such altitudes the animal is best left to pick its own way. He looks on the summits with neither cringing fear nor the apathy born of ignorance. No patch of scrub, no remnant of ruined castle, escapes his watchful eye. He might be reconnoitring for an attack on the stronghold of revolted mountaineers. When the hills close around him, shutting out the sight of lower things, cutting off his retreat, hurrying him upward and onward, he may, in a moment of rebellion against their magic, draw rein to gaze on

the magnificent upheaval, picturing himself on the petrified battlefield of some old fight in Asgard, the raging giants struck lifeless in their defiance of the mandate to be still. It is the calm after the storm, the enduring record of dreadful moments in which the earth was still molten, cooling after its flight through space. Henceforth, apart from the accident of earthquake, only one normal force was to humble the pride of the mountains, and that was the wear and tear of little streams cradled in their summits.

Eyes are the windows of the mind, not only betraying its thoughts, but also conveying the impressions from the world without, and even to eyes normally focussed on the commonplace these high places bring, if not great thoughts, at least a finer appreciation than is inspired by the plains. Thus it was that the Harz brought balm to the embittered soul of Heine as he gazed spellbound on that wondrous Brocken sunrise that moved him to cry aloud—

Liebliche Kühle und traümerisches Quellengemürmel!

Tyndall, ordinarily, as I well remember him, the coldest and most calculating of men when conducting experiments in the physical laboratory, with a master mind that could move in milligrams and an eye that quivered in response to the least vibration of the chemical balance, was so uplifted

by the moral oxygen of the Alps that he rhapsodised over a world that seemed to worship "with the flush of adoration on every mountain head."

The Canadian Rockies and the Caucasus I have known chiefly from the windows of trains rushing through their gorges, a point of view from which it is impossible to do justice to any mountain range, yet even such panoramic glimpses revealed something of their grandeur. Of the real Rockies of the hunter's trail, where so many of my friends had camped and shot, I know no more than of the real Caucasus of Littledale and Buxton. Nevertheless, though denied the fuller satisfaction of such close intimacy, it was something to look even on the outer walls of the haunts of grizzly and mountain sheep of which I had heard so much from the mighty hunters who had made the heights their playground. The botanist and geologist may deny the faintest resemblance between the two regions, yet to my roving eye there was surely much in common between the backbone of the Western Hemisphere and that other range which overshadowed the cradle of our race, where every step farther east is another backward into the mists of time.

Less grand than either, less beautiful, it may be, than scenes I know in the green Atlas or in the fern-clad mountains of Java, it seems that the

mountain section of Carolina has left the most enduring impression in my memories. They call it "Land of the Sky" and "Sapphire Country," and it is well named, for its abiding note is sky and colour, the green of its woods blending with the blue of its lakes and the greys of its mountain mists. Its timbers are a joy: white pine, jack pine, slender poplar, spreading chestnut, restless birch, with maple blushing red against the pale dogwood, and between the trees are sunny dells carpeted with wood-sorrel and other flowers. Through the leafy screen may be caught gleams of three lakes down in the valley, all well stocked with trout, and the chief of them called Toxaway, the Indian name for the Cardinal Bird. Down the steep gorge goes the Horse Pasture River, with a clatter that can be heard for miles. Time was when the Cherokee Indian was lord of all he surveyed, but he is gone. He dreamed away his proud inheritance, looking down from the sunlit peaks on the fertile valleys of Tennessee and awakened from his reverie by the shrill call-note of the *klonteska*, or hill-grouse, which palefaces since miscall the "pheasant." Then his heritage was taken from him, and he went to the hunting grounds, leaving no more abiding memory than others of his stock, no architecture more enduring than a wigwam, no written history, no record to mark his stay on

earth. Yet he had his rhythmic name for every hoary giant that towers to far horizons, re-christened, alas, with less of euphony in the American survey. Eno's Plott for *Sunneehaw!* Chingman's Dome for *Nagestonah!* To the mischief with Eno and Chingman that they must needs substitute their painful patronymics for the older music of the Redskin! Among these foothills of the Ottaray the brawling Tuckaseegee leaps to the plains about Asheville, forcing its way through forest and over rock as it tumbles to sea-level. A million squirrels, that might be birds in fur coats, flirt from branch to branch or race across the glittering tracks. Woodpeckers tap incessantly on the trunks that hide their larder. The mocking-bird sings lustily from his love bower. A startled deer shows for a moment in a clearing, then bounds to safety.

There are lovely mountain views also in Jamaica, one of them on the road out of the Moneague, along which I remember riding early one morning in June to breakfast with a hospitable penkeeper. Up the valley, to my right, rolled a silent sea of mist, great combers surging over hill and dale without a sound, rushing up the mountain slopes like the surf that laps the cliffs of Devon. All the mountains of this Caribbean island are strangely green, and round about their

feet we have built roads that would not have shamed the Romans. Towards me, that June morning, came the black folk in twos and threes, the women walking with that graceful swing from the hips which is the birthright of the daughters of Africa, and with arms outstretched to balance the loads of fruit they bore upon their woolly heads. Singing and laughing, displaying their perfect teeth in the grin that parts their homely faces from ear to ear, came these freed slaves, overgrown children, pathetic in their simplicity, yet full of animal spirits and asking pity of no man. The staunch little nag bore me bravely under trees that hid their noisy orchestra of petcharies, tom-fools, humming-birds, and parrakeets, a brass band rather than the softer music of strings, yet in tune with the glare and merriment of the scene.

There is little solitude in these mountains of Jamaica, though elsewhere solitude is the keynote of the high tops. Everywhere are thatched villages or roofless, tatterdemalion shacks peeping from out the tangle of cane and banana, and often the horseman must draw rein on coming round a bend of the road lest his horse trample on a sprawling piccaninny crowing in the dust. The cattle of the mountain pens are magnificent beasts. Red Devons and white-faced Herefords, with a

few of Indian breed, wallow luxuriously in the waterholes or munch the coarse guinea-grass that grows beside the road. Alas, their life is no bed of roses ever since Espeut brought his mongoose to destroy the ground-birds that formerly kept the vexatious ticks from multiplying out of number. At nightfall, which comes swiftly in the Caribbean, the planters smoke their native cigars in the cool verandahs, lazily watching the moving lamps of fireflies and perchance, in homesick moments, recalling the fairies tripping in the shadow of St. Stephen's in *Iolanthe.* The mountains are hidden then, unless a great summer moon hangs in the cloudless sky to light a memory worth carrying to the grave.

Not unlike these mountains of the West Indies are those of Java, though, situated ten degrees nearer the Equator, they dress more richly in tree-fern and in palm, which creep up their sloping sides until, just as their feathery greenness looks no greater than the neck plumage of some gigantic bird, they fall away, unable to breathe the thinner oxygen of the heights, and leave the giants bare-headed in the golden dawn. Many of the traveller's fondest mountain memories are of the sunrise, and two of these I hope that I may never forget.

The first was in these same mountains of Java,

as, one October daybreak, the rising sun crimsoned the timbered slopes of Gunung Salak, a sleeping volcano that towers a mile above a murmuring river in which little satin-skinned Javanese mothers wash their brown babes and gay sarongs. I had sat patiently in the verandah of the "Belle Vue" at Buitenzoorg since three in the morning, waiting for a sight that had been praised by no mean judge of such impressions, and it proved to be sleep well lost. Bathing the summit in a sudden blaze, the golden glory crept down the bare shoulders of the rock, reaching its forest girdle, then broadening over miles of hanging jungle until it warmed the thatched roofs of little villages in the steaming valley and sent the native women and their babies toddling into the shade. Then, as I watched, came a sudden shower, a shower out of a cloudless sky, very typical of the Equator, which hung festoons of pearls on the limbs of the trees and blotted out my dreamland in a veil of iridescent gossamer.

My other sunrise took me of a sudden three thousand feet up in the Atlas, beside the bubbling springs of Imintella. Through the deep blue of the African sky the first golden arrows shot over the forbidding crest of Gundafi, dispelling a morning mist that had drenched the hawthorn and recalled Scotch corries in the grouse month.

Behind the Ranges

My Moorish escort had no eye for the beauty of the scene, but merely dismounted for the morning prayer and spread their limp blue haiks to dry in the welcome rays. Most of them retired some little distance and prayed in silence. It was my headman, Mohammed, who, always with an eye to picturesqueness in his orisons, flung himself prone on his face, within a yard of where I stood, and pronounced audibly the ninety-nine attributes of Allah. And as he whined through his prayers, I gazed reverently on the Lord of the East.

"Sicut in stagno generantur vermes."

The Voice of the Mosquito

IN all the pageant of travel, no other class of animal life assumes the same importance as the insects. Four-legged beasts and two-legged birds have their place in the traveller's memories. The brutish camel and the patient ass, the graceful seagull and the wheeling albatross, the majestic lammergeier of the mountains and the gross turkey-buzzard of the plains, jackals barking in the foothills, or deer standing silhouetted on the sky-line, are familiar objects of travel in many lands or on many seas. Snakes, too, that glide all day in the rustling underwood, and sleek frogs that sing the livelong night at the edge of the moonlit marsh, are the coldest memories of the tropics. Yet it is the animals on six legs, winged or otherwise, innumerable and insatiable, that bulk largest in the miseries of the open road. Canada has its black flies and midges, so maddening at their worst as to discount most of the thin-skinned sportsman's pleasure in the easy capture of splendid trout. Africa has ants that strip a camp in less than no time of its provisions.

Behind the Ranges

The East, both Near and Far, supplies fleas and bugs in such profusion as to make the beds suggestive, as Thackeray said, of anything rather than sleep. Some folks are less sensitive to their company than others, but few are endowed with the sweet philosophy of Pepys, who, putting up for the night, with some ladies, at a rustic inn near Stonehenge, and finding the beds "lousy," adds the brief but significant comment, "which made us merry."

Of greater importance than the rest, more dreaded because of the after-effects of their bite, more irritating because, even when powerless to bite, they keep their victims awake with their maddening song, more companionable, more patient, equally domestic in their habits, but less amenable to the corrective of cleanliness than other bedfellows of the same class, are the mosquitoes.

Everyone knows nowadays, thanks to the propaganda of various Schools of Tropical Medicine, that these insects are the Carter Patersons of diseases like yellow fever and malaria; but my first-remembered experiences of them, on the Baltic in 1890 and in the Mediterranean the following year, were long before this aspect of their activity was common knowledge. We associated their bite with nothing more serious

than passing irritation, and, as we were not infected, the aggressors must have been the harmless *Culex*, or at any rate they could not have previously bitten fever patients.

Northern Europe is, indeed, overrun in summer time with these pests, a fact very generally overlooked by those who associate them only with tropical regions. To suggest that even malarial mosquitoes are present in parts of England is to run the same risk of ridicule as to point to the occurrence of sharks in British seas. Yet, previous to the draining of the fens, which destroyed many of their favourite breeding haunts, these insects were a constant source of trouble in this country, and malaria was rife. A species known to science as *Anopheles bifurcatus*, one of the recognised carriers of malaria, has been taken in woods near Cambridge during the month of May, and I have also been shown an example of *A. nigripes*, another offender, in Cornwall. Another species known in this country is *A. maculipennis*, regarded by Italian experts as the most active of them all in spreading the disease, though it is comforting to learn from Theobald's admirable *Monograph of the Culicidæ*, published in 1901 by the Trustees of the British Museum, that this particular gnat has never been known to attack human beings in this country. In spite of these facts, and of the equally well-

known abundance of these insects in Germany and the Low Countries (where they decimated our troops in the famous Walcheren Expedition), there is a deep-rooted belief in the exclusively tropical range of mosquitoes. Yet Mr. Harvie-Brown records how he was continually troubled with them as far north as the Petchora; and even in Lapland they are the bane both of fishermen and of the reindeer, which periodically crouch in the doors of the native huts for the sake of the acrid peat-smoke that is fatal to their persecutors.

Major Ronald Ross, C.B., in his *Prevention of Malaria*, and Sir Rubert Boyce, F.R.S., in *Mosquito or Man?** have given an entertaining account of our present knowledge of mosquitoes, and of the painstaking research by which their crimes have been established beyond all doubt. A brief summary of the results may be helpful to those who wish to understand the precise part played by the mosquito in the health of the tropics. These are no longer the "White Man's Grave," since all manner of measures have been taken by way of reducing the mosquitoes and rendering human dwellings proof against their attacks. Yet it will be long before this source of danger is finally destroyed, if, indeed, such a result can be said to lie within the bounds of practical politics.

* Both works are published by Mr. Murray.

The Voice of the Mosquito

These insects breed in the water, and the eggs hatch out in a day or two, the *larvæ*, which live only in the water, changing to the pupal stage in about a week. The pupa then floats at the surface for two or three days, after which the perfect insect emerges and flies away. Mosquitoes rarely travel any great distance from their birthplace, but winds may carry them far afield, and even in still weather they are apt to travel half a mile or more in search of food. The one condition which they must have is water. A hot, moist atmosphere favours their increase, whereas dry, cold climates are hostile to them. Other checks on their activity are such natural enemies as bats, birds, fishes, dragon-flies, and spiders, and these should always therefore be protected in mosquito country. Not only drought, but also wind, is fatal to them, and in still weather fans and punkahs are useful in keeping them away. The importance of mosquitoes is enormously increased by the fact that they convey the parasites of yellow fever, malaria, and other diseases, a discovery for which the world is indebted to the patient and devoted researches of a long list of workers, from Dr. Nott, of Mobile, who published his notes in 1848, and Beauperthuy, a Frenchman who travelled in Venezuela in 1854, down to such enthusiasts of to-day as Finlay, Ross, Manson, Boyce and others in Italy and elsewhere. At no

small risk to themselves, and usually with little or no encouragement from the authorities, these men have, with an ingenuity which Scotland Yard might envy, accumulated evidence against these winged suspects until, with no flaw of merely circumstantial evidence, they have revealed them as the *only agents* by which those diseases can be carried from infected patients to healthy subjects. Mosquitoes cannot, it is true, originate the maladies. They must first find a human being who suffers from malaria, and then they convey the parasite *Plasmodia* from his blood to that of another person. The parasite makes itself at home in its new quarters, burrowing into the red corpuscles of the blood, and there it multiplies by throwing off spores. The only drug capable of destroying these organisms is quinine, which was first brought from South America to Europe for the purpose of curing fever in 1640. Five grains of sulphate of quinine, taken daily for four months, is a practically sure preventive. A brindled mosquito (*Stegomyia*) conveys the parasite of yellow fever in the same way; and we now know that one of the tsetse flies (*Glossina palpalis*) is equally and similarly responsible for the spread of sleeping-sickness. As, however, Sir Frederick Treves points out in an interesting chapter of his book on Uganda, the tsetse prefers dark skins, and immunity may

therefore be virtually ensured by wearing white clothing.

There is, so far as is known, no case of *original* infection with malaria that is not directly traceable to the agency of the mosquito, for outbreaks which occur at sea, or in regions on land from which the harmful and necessary *Anopheles* is absent, are cases of relapse. It may, of course, be asked: "But how about the first case of malaria? how about the first infected patient to which the first mosquito had to resort for its supply of parasites?" This sort of question is not much more profitable than that about the first hen and the first egg. What does matter is that at the present day, so far as we are aware, three conditions are essential to the propagation of malaria or yellow fever—an infected patient, a healthy subject, and, as link between the two, a mosquito of the right species to effect the inoculation. Though malaria is rarely fatal—I have had it in my bones, as they say, these many years—it is one of the worst scourges of the tropics, if only because its attacks keep so much native labour idle. For this reason alone its effectual suppression is a problem of paramount importance in any scheme for the development of tropical enterprise.

Quinine and mosquito-nets are, so far as the private individual is concerned, the chief preven-

tives. Quinine is easily taken, and the palate soon grows accustomed to its bitter taste. Major Ross even mentions a patient of his who was a victim to its fascination, acquiring it as a drug habit. He must have been hard put to it for a new sensation, but, as a matter of fact, the clean, bitter taste is not disagreeable, and I remember taking ten grains daily with my morning coffee during the fortnight that my steamer was loading wool in a Queensland estuary.

With the single exception of Barbados, which has, as I understand from Archdeacon Bindley, sometime Principal of Codrington College, no suitable breeding areas for the mosquitoes, malaria is very prevalent throughout the West Indies. In the plantations of Trinidad, Cuba, and Jamaica, it is still a scourge, though extensive drainage and other measures have done much in the way of reduction.

It is the female mosquito only which sings at night and feeds on human blood, the male being a harmless creature nourished by vegetable juices. In spite of all that has been done to spread useful knowledge of the life story of these insects, a number of curious fallacies still persist in the popular belief, among them that they are confined to tropical latitudes, a mistake already referred to, and also that their activity is restricted to the

summer months, to night time, and to sea-level.

With regard to the first of these, mosquitoes do their evil work in the tropics all through the year, and there is even as far north as Ontario an anopheline form known, from its occurrence at that season, as the "winter mosquito."

It is undeniable that, if only for the manner in which their humming prevents people sleeping, mosquitoes are, on the whole, most troublesome at night, and they are at any rate more noticeable then than during the day. I have, however, been severely bitten in broad daylight in many parts of the world, notably in the harbour of Salonika and in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. These pests are so ferocious a little east of Vancouver that the platelayers on the Canadian Pacific Railroad have to veil their faces like Touaregs, a form of protection which leads many tourists to mistake them for beekeepers. Whether the mosquitoes actually fly out from the town of Salonika to the anchorages of steamers a mile away, or whether, as seems more likely, they make the journey on the lighters and launches that ply continually between the ships and the shore, I had no means of ascertaining; but they certainly came on board in great numbers, and, instead of being blown out of the ship as soon as she got under way, which is

the usual condition of affairs, they stayed with us for two days. The explanation of their persistence probably lies in the fact that the *Messageries* boats hug the coast and burn no more coal than is necessary, so that there was not perhaps breeze enough to blow the insects out of the ship. There are many ways in which insects are carried from one place to another, and I fancy that the streets and shops of Samsoun, on the Black Sea, are so full of flies because these are introduced into the town on the bodies of the draught bullocks, which are always bringing in cartloads of produce from the countryside. The belief in the exclusively nocturnal activity of mosquitoes may possibly have arisen from their preference for attacking human beings indoors, and therefore during the night, when all is still, rather than in the open air, where any wind, be it Gregale, Sirocco, or Levanter, is the deadly enemy of their race. Nor are they by any means confined to regions at sea-level. I have been bitten by them in the hills of Java, fully a thousand feet above the coast.

Just as these insects like still air for their meals, so for their nurseries they prefer stagnant water, without any tide or current. It is, however, a mistake, which may cost dear, to regard them as unable to frequent running water, and a camping site should not be chosen in view of any such

disability. More than fifty years ago, Livingstone found them in Africa on the banks of muddy streams, although, it is true, they were wanting in the vicinity of clear rivers. The manner in which their hatred of wind banishes them from ships in motion has just been referred to. During two voyages along the Spanish Main, I found that, whereas they invaded the cabins at every port of call, they were invariably blown out again within an hour or two of leaving. At one port only in the Near East did I fail to see a single mosquito, and that was at Batoum. It may be that the petroleum of Baku, exported in "tankers" from Batoum, though in small quantities to-day compared with the volume of trade before the last Revolution, has so impregnated every pool and ditch in the neighbourhood of the port as to make the water untenable for these insects.

My worst experience with mosquitoes was at Montego Bay, in Jamaica, where, some years ago, I stayed for a week's fishing, living in an hotel on the hill overlooking the town. The side of the hill was covered with tall and waving grass in which the insects had their hammocks, and these they would desert after a downpour of warm rain and come into the rooms in their hundreds, waiting until darkness brought their opportunity. One morning, after a night of torture, in the course of

which I killed a score or two, I counted no fewer than one hundred and sixty-two of them (including sixty of malarial anophelines) clinging to the walls. The torn mosquito-curtains of the hotel availed little against their patient search for food, and I had unfortunately left my own netting down at Kingston, relying on finding efficient protection in an island so infested. There are in the West Indies very minute black mosquitoes capable of getting through any curtains inside which a man could breathe, but the kinds that carry malaria are of larger build and can be kept out. My wrists and ankles were raw, for when the mosquitoes left off, I began, the maddening irritation making it impossible for me to keep my nails off the wounds, Nor was the trouble confined to the nights in bed. I played lawn tennis in a garden overlooking the bay, and even the usually effective bonfire of pimento leaf was useless, so that I enjoyed the agreeable sensation of being bitten in the face at the moment of returning a half-volley. After the first year, settlers in Jamaica, unless abnormally thin-skinned, pay no further attention to mosquito bites, but this indifference must apply only to the temporary irritation caused by them, as so short a probation could hardly bring lasting immunity from fever. I had found the mosquitoes both numerous and thirsty in Florida a fortnight earlier,

but fortunately I had my own bed curtains there, and these did what was expected of them and kept the bloodthirsty intruders at a respectful distance, humming their grace before meals to ears that soon grew indifferent to their unanswered prayers.

Mosquitoes are very troublesome in Morocco. Many parts of the country are too drought-smitten to support them, but the great cities are well supplied with water from the hills, and the native domestic economy is such as to produce conditions very favourable to mosquito colonies. There was a large tank in my garden, not indeed stagnant, since it was always filling and emptying, and it was a wonderful hatchery for *namoos*, which came forth and spoiled the stranger, though the Moors took little notice of it. Indeed, since everything is comparative, I found that, with the livelier excitement of scorpions on the premises, I too grew curiously indifferent to the lesser evil. On the whole, I fancy that the coast region of Queensland was perhaps the worst mosquito country I ever travelled in, and while a tramp steamer, by which I returned to Europe via the Barrier Reef, lay in various ports and estuaries, taking wool and gold into her cavernous hold, the insects came on board in hordes, though, owing to regular dosing with quinine, not one of us went down with fever.

Behind the Ranges

Thanks to the champions of science *versus* "fakirism," as Major Ross calls the official ignorance which disdains the modern developments of medical research, the intimate connection between mosquitoes and malaria is universally recognised. It is, however, interesting to remember that within comparatively recent years this relation of cause and effect was either flatly ignored, or at the most vaguely suspected. We need not even go back as far as Disraeli, who never had any suspicion of the connection between the Cairo mosquitoes and the fever which attacked his travelling companion in that city. Much more recently than this, Englishmen doubted a fact said to have been known to the Sinhalese fourteen centuries ago, and many living writers were ignorant of the true significance of a mosquito bite. Selous, writing in 1881, mentions mosquitoes and fever as occurring together, but without any apparent notion of the relation between the two. Sixteen years later, the late A. H. Neumann could likewise have had no idea of the truth, for though, during his stay on the shores of Lake Rudolph, constantly attacked by mosquitoes, he attributed the resulting attack of fever to a chill and more particularly to the faulty treatment of a broken limb. In the same year (1897), Sir H. H. Johnston got "very warm," as children say when playing

The Voice of the Mosquito

"Hide the Thimble," for he referred to the mosquito as an undoubted source of illness in Africa, and said that it seemed "to introduce some unwholesome substance into the blood." Yet the case against these insects was by no means generally admitted, for a year previous to the appearance of his book on *British Central Africa*, Mr. Scott Elliott (in *A Naturalist in Mid-Africa*) had professed himself a sceptic of the theory then gaining ground, citing Tanganyika as a spot where fever was very bad, though mosquitoes were "almost or altogether absent," and, on the other hand, Salt Lake as a locality abounding in mosquitoes, though fever was "not present at all or very rare."

Something has been said of the preventives available to the tourist, and of the extended work of mosquito-reduction as undertaken by Governments with vested interests in the tropics, it is unnecessary to write, since these larger operations of drainage and screening are altogether outside the scope of the individual and aim rather at making those regions less uninhabitable for whites. To the tourist, however, I venture, in addition to what has already been suggested, to offer a few simple hints, the result of somewhat varied experience of these "winged serpents" over the greater part of their range.

1. He should use mosquito-curtains, *not only*

in his sleeping-quarters, but also in his living-room or tent, *immediately after sunset*. Even when at rest during the extreme heat of the day (which is, however, not invariably the case), these insects always resume their activity at sunset. The brief twilight of the tropics, the time, it may be, of the evening meal in camp, is a most dangerous period. The wrists and ankles are too often exposed to attack, care being taken only to protect the head, and if artificial light be used, it is a beacon to these bloodsuckers which they never ignore. Excessive heat may preclude all idea of closing the windows or tent flaps, but a mosquito-curtain can usually, with very little ingenuity, be so arranged as to screen those who sit at table. At night, such protection is indispensable. It may make the sleeper hot, but it is better to lie awake hot than to sleep while mosquitoes are poisoning the blood.

2. He should anoint his hands, face, neck and ankles, the most vulnerable parts exposed to these insects, with some substance distasteful to them. Not all the preparations advertised as efficient do what is promised. Against the mild and unenterprising *namoos* of Morocco, whose energies are probably impaired by the dry summer climate in which alone I knew it, I found essential oil of clove, lavender, or eucalyptus sufficient provision,

but the fiercer mosquitoes of Jamaica treated it with contempt as a mere dash of Angostura bitters to whet the appetite. The patent dressing known as "Muskatol" is often excellent, and a stronger, though more disagreeable preparation of it by the same maker, will even keep the deadly blackflies of Canada at bay, which says much for its beastliness. Even so, it is preferable to the ointment of tar and tallow used by anglers on the banks of rivers in Newfoundland, where the flies and midges are, from all accounts, nothing short of murderous. These preparations are supplied in bottles with a spray attached, but it is better to use them with a swab of cotton wool, which may be fitted inside the cork; and it is of the utmost importance to apply them very frequently, as they evaporate rapidly, particularly in warm climates, and soon lose their strength.

3. He should exercise great care in choosing the sites for his camps, and *should never leave this to his native servants.* While it is desirable to camp not too far from water, there is no need to pitch the tents close to a lake or well, which his natives will invariably do if left to their own devices, if only to save long journeys in fetching water for the camp. For the same reason native villages, particularly in Africa or in tropical America, should be systematically given a wide berth, as

they are certain to be centres of infection, harbouring malarial patients on whom the mosquitoes must feed before conveying the fever to Europeans. This is so important that I would put it even before the danger of stagnant water. Another consideration of importance in pitching the tents for the night is that they should have their openings towards the direction from which the wind is blowing, or likely to blow. It is the greatest mistake, at any rate in mosquito country, to be afraid of a little wind. The widespread dread of fresh air is probably responsible for half the ills of our city life, the spread of phthisis included, and medical men have lately been defending even the much-abused draught as a probable aid to health. If it be a blessing in disguise in temperate latitudes, it is nothing short of salvation where there are mosquitoes on the prowl. The tourist should not therefore allow his men to pitch the camp, as they are fond of doing, in the lee of a wall, or close to a sheltering clump of windward trees. It should be out in the open, where the blessed wind can rattle the canvas and blow the mosquitoes away. One writer on the practical aspects of tropical travel even goes so far as to advise those who visit the jungle to choose only such paths as are patrolled by dragon-flies, which, as we know, are deadly enemies of the mosquito. This, how-

ever, is a counsel of perfection, for the traveller in the tropical forest takes the shortest route to his goal, anxious to reach the next camping ground before dark, and does not stroll at random, looking for dragon-flies, as he might on Chestnut Sunday in Bushey Park!

4. He should see that the inside of the tents is well fumigated, and that the operation is swiftly followed up by a well-directed attack on the stupefied insects. The material used for smoking out the mosquitoes will in great measure depend on what is available. In Jamaica they burn pimento leaf. In Canada the "smudge-pot" is filled with birchbark and other kindling. The acrid smoke which arises from such material is very trying to the eyes, and it is usual to remove the "smudge" and to kill as many of the insects as can be seen before retiring for the night, the greatest care being taken not to light a lamp or candle inside the tent before closing the flaps.

Prevention, always better than cure, is doubly desirable where it is as easy as in dealing with malaria. Even if the bites of these scourges cannot always be avoided by the precautions suggested above, it is still possible, by the judicious use of that admirable prophylactic, quinine, to avert any worse result than temporary irritation,

which may, in turn, be allayed by touching the bites at once with ammonia or even with the juice of a freshly cut lime. It is, however, important to remember that it may be too late to take the quinine once the mischief is done, or even on first arriving in mosquito country. He who contemplates a visit to the tropics should prepare beforehand, slowly and surely, taking five-grain doses daily for two or three weeks before leaving England and also on the voyage out. My first encounter with malaria was in Ceylon, sixteen years ago, and, thanks to unbounded faith in quinine, it has troubled me very little since then.

If all these efforts be frustrated, if, in spite of such measures, malaria ensue, there is nothing for it but increasing doses of quinine. These should, if possible, be administered by a medical man, but as much as thirty grains may be taken daily in extreme cases, a regimen usually combined with the simplest of food, total abstinence from alcohol, and the corrective of slight aperients to counteract the properties of the drug.

While the voice and bite of these detestable insects are among the least happy memories of travel, so many of their misdemeanours and of the weak joints in their armour have been laid bare by enthusiastic workers in the field of tropical medicine that the tourist has no excuse for allow-

ing them to interfere seriously with his pleasure, or in any degree to constitute a menace to his health. If "forewarned is forearmed," then he who nowadays makes holiday in the tropics, being, indeed, less susceptible to their diseases than residents, should, so far at any rate as mosquitoes are concerned, be as invulnerable as the immortals.

The most remarkable work in the way of mosquito-reduction is that carried out by Colonel Gorgas on the Isthmus of Panama. I remember staying a night in his quarters at Aucon in 1906 and another night in the hotel at Panama two years later. On neither occasion were mosquito-curtains needed, though the *Tagus*, moored alongside at Colon, was infested with the insects, which swarmed in every cabin. The photograph facing this chapter shews the brigade which carries out this beneficent work on the Isthmus.

"Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so."

The Fisherman's Mercator

THE sportsman, once his wanderings are over, and gout or poverty chains him by the leg, must find what comfort he can in an arm-chair and an atlas. At any rate, the maps mean more to him than to those who never shot or fished in other continents. The little worms of rivers, the blue patches of lakes, bring back the pull of salmon and the leaping of trout. The caterpillar tracery of mountain ranges is tipped with snow and recalls trophies on the sky-line, arduous clambers, the suppressed excitement of native stalkers. Why, even the London railway stations have their meaning for the fisherman: Euston or King's Cross speaks to him of salmon; Waterloo of Test trout or Christchurch pike; Liverpool Street of Broadland bream and roach. The seaports are to him but gateways to his play-grounds overseas: Liverpool points the way to black bass and muskallonge and ouananiche; Southampton to tarpon; Plymouth to snapper and stompneus.

For myself the Mercator chart has golden

memories, though, praise be, I am not yet reduced to its companionship. In the two decades between 1890 and 1910, I can enter a variety of dates as far apart as Vancouver and Tasmania, as the cold Baltic and sunny Gulf of California, as the treacherous Black Sea and slumbering Caribbean. My most eccentric geographical feat with the rod was when I fished in two oceans on the same morning: off Colon at daybreak, and off Panama at noon. It has always been a pleasant episode to me, though the catch was very slight; but to bait one's hook in the Atlantic and Pacific within six hours must, I imagine, be a somewhat uncommon experience.

Nine different expeditions are brought back to me by this old Mercator, and if fish and fishing were not in every case the avowed object, they were of all the dearest purpose. To the Baltic in 1890, where, it is true, I incidentally entered myself as a student at a German University and attended lectures on agricultural chemistry; to the Mediterranean the year after, where I read Italian authors and murdered the works of composers unable to retaliate; to far Australia in 1895, where I made acquaintance with many native writers and artists; to Morocco, by way of Biarritz and Gibraltar, in 1899, where I was received at the Moorish Court by both Abd-ul-Aziz and his great

Vizier, since dead. These were incidental results of my earlier odysseys; yet shall I not rather remember the curious mixed fishing in the Baltic, with sea and river fish in company? or the night fishing off Leghorn, with a crooked little barber for companion? or the black bream and schnapper of the distant Colonies, then only dreaming of a federated Commonwealth? or the red mullet of Tangier Bay and the barbel of the Tensift River?

Later expeditions were wholly concerned with fishing: Madeira in 1905, where I fished for tunny and caught murænas; Florida in 1906, with side tracks to Carolina and Jamaica, and the capture of both tarpon and malaria, the last rather a recapture, since it had evaded me since I first caught it in 1895; California and Canada in 1908, with the sport of Catalina and my first acquaintance with the black bass; the Near East in 1909, taking toll of waters fresh and salt, from the sea of Galilee to the Gulf of Ismidt; and the Near West in 1910, my last futile raid on the tuna, of which the memories are still too vivid to be altogether agreeable. It is good to fight the old battles again, and to let the careless eye roam to and fro between 50° on either side of the Equator, or 150° either side of Greenwich, conjuring up visions of the good fish that died and of the better that went free.

Memory, following the line of least resistance,

dwells first on recent scenes and thence ranges back to the hazier views of earlier travel. Such lazy retrospect, wandering back along life's road, takes me in zigzag fashion over the map, starting from the easternmost section of Canada and ending in the Baltic Provinces of Germany.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were the scene of operations in 1910, with grilse and trout, all on a clumsily thrown fly, in the merry Miramichi, and, alas! without tuna in the bays of Cape Breton Island, the trip finishing with a few good black bass in a backwater of Lake Huron known as Georgian Bay, a lovable and lonely mere far from the haunts of man. My blank Mercator spares but a quarter of an inch for dreary Cape Breton, with its frowning cliffs and windswept bays, its indented coast, often veiled in fog from the Newfoundland banks, its lean farms and hubby roads. Yet on that quarter of an inch I spent five summer weeks in vain pursuit of a monstrous fish that would have none of my blandishments. An earlier tour through Canada, from west to east, two years previous, had given me trout in a wonderful lake beyond the Rocky Mountains and black bass in another lake within easy distance of Montreal. In the lake outside Kamloops I caught trout so easily that the sport almost lost its savour after the first hour of each day. Yet

how often, when wooing the unresponsive fish of waters nearer home, have I recalled those facile trout with vain regret! In Lake Broom I caught not only bass, but also pickerel, perch, chub, and several other kinds. It was, in fact, more like an aquarium, so varied was the stock. A third lake was fished on that occasion. It lay in the shadow of the Rockies, and was named after the Devil. I trolled in it for an hour or two and hooked what may possibly have been His Majesty's tail-tuft. At any rate, something, fortunately unseen, nearly broke my Tweed salmon-rod and then went on its way. Canada is a marvellous playground for fishermen and blackflies, and the latter cease their merriment in August. Unfortunately, the food, outside of the cities, is terrible and would all but turn the stomach of a starving ostrich. Even Washington Irving, ordinarily a philosophic traveller, tasted of its horrors and resented them. It is, I know, the fashion (on paper) to scorn good fare and other comfort as foreign to the spirit of sport. "Roughing it" is vaguely supposed to add to the glory of every trip. Yet I have always held that pigging is no part of a properly planned holiday, and I would as soon brag of wearing dirty linen as of being satisfied with such garbage for my meals.

How different from the deserted forests and

lonely lakes of the Dominion were the teeming alleys of Stamboul and the scented bazaars of Damascus! I confess to loving better, as the human background of my travels, the robed paynim of the cradle of our race than the adopted children of the New World; better the sun of Syria than the fog of Newfoundland; better the gay bazaars of Cairo than the Yankee stores of Montreal and Winnipeg; better the lateen-sailed felucca than the dugout canoe; better Galilee than Ontario; better the Nile than the Hudson. For these and other reasons of more personal interest will 1909 and my Mercator square, bounded by 20° N. and 20° E., always hold sweeter associations for me than the square bounded by 40° N. and 40° W. in which is inscribed 1910. Perhaps it is the call of the blood. At any rate, the Holy Land and Egypt sing in my heart, where the Dominion and the Union are silent, for these be new lands, kind, no doubt, to many who seek their protection, but to myself without any attraction beyond the brief limits of a summer holiday.

On this old Mercator is a tiny notch, scarce visible, that marks the Gulf of Ismidt. What a puny diagram for that glorious landlocked sea, its southern shore guarded by the proud summits of Anatolia and red with the cherry orchards of Deirmendéré, while on the north side are the silk

factory of Héréké and the minarets of Ismidt! Here, in a little inn belonging to the much discussed Bagdad Railway, now the pivot of the Near Eastern policy of four Powers, I stayed two months, enjoying such sport with bass as elsewhere men only dream of, the infinite peace of a perfect summer broken only by visits from Armenian fishermen, Turkish gardeners, and occasional friends who came in their yachts from Constantinople, fifty miles away. Earlier that year I had fished in the muddy Jordan, in sacred Galilee, and in the mystic Nile. The sport and scenery of the eastern end of the Mediterranean may fall short of Canada's best, but give it me again and keep the other. It is like playing once more in the nursery of childhood, and it fills the pilgrim with very tender thoughts.

The retrospect of 1908, which takes me west again, embraced, in addition to Canada, of which enough has been said, the Spanish Main and West Indies, which I had visited two years earlier, the Panama Canal, or so much of it as was then accomplished, and the glorious State of California. With flying-fish on my plate at Barbados, where, being stale, they were less satisfactory than on a previous encounter, and with white bass and yellowtail on my rod at Santa Catalina and trout in Lake Tahoe, it was a pageant of fishing from start to finish.

Behind the Ranges

The Caribbean, with infinite variety of sea-fish, from tarpon downwards, should be a wonderful haunt of sea-anglers, but, for some reason or other, possibly the dread of earthquakes or of the delays of quarantine, it is woefully neglected by them. Yet I can assure those who care to know it that the waters round Cartagena and Savanilla are simply alive with splendid fish, and, angling from the difficult position of an upper deck during a few hours at a time, I have had my strongest tackle repeatedly smashed. Had a dinghy been available, I must have had such sport as rarely falls to the lot of those on a sea voyage.

Nineteen hundred and six takes me once again under the Tropic of Cancer, with giant rays and silvery tarpon leaping in the summer sunshine off the low keys of Florida. It is a joy for ever and a day to recall some of my hundred-pounders, leaping again and again in the air, flashing in the brazen midday sun or in the softer radiance of a May moon, or heard only and not seen in the pitch darkness of moonless nights. How they tore the line off the screaming reel, then charged back to the boat, rallying just when they seemed safe on the beach, flying from a pursuing shark, dodging the great gaff again and again until at length the splendid bodies lay on the sloping sand, and the fight was over! Where the trout springs two

feet, the tarpon jumps twenty, and if it were not for these gymnastics it would tire the fisherman out in every case. That was the fishing of my life, and the map of the Gulf of Mexico brings back precious memories of those sunlit days in the Pass of Boca Grande, varied by alligator hunts and glimpses of shy egrets. The scenery of the Gulf coast is not equal to its sport, but the spring climate is delightful, and the mosquitoes are not unbearable until the coming of summer. Those were golden days. Alas, they are no more!

Memory falters back another seven years, the interval having, with the exception of one brief and unsuccessful raid on the tunny of Madeira, been spent among the bass and pheasants at home. The faded diaries of '99 show whiting fishing off Biarritz in the company of Basques, sport with red mullet and with bass off Cape Spartel with a Moor or Spaniard for gillie, black-mouthed dog-fish off Casablanca, and muddy barbel in the eddies of the swift Tensift where it rushed beneath a bridge of many arches an hour's ride out of Morocco City.

Thus far reminiscence halts north of the Equator, but, reaching back to 1895, it takes a sudden dip south as far as 45°, and I am fishing once again under the Southern Cross, on the restless Pacific, or in creeks fringed with gum trees

and wattles, the edge of the lonely Australian bush. The Commonwealth, as it is now called, is no paradise for the fisherman, save in some few spots where trout have been introduced. Elsewhere, it is the ocean which furnishes the sport, and I fished for trumpeter off Hobart, for black bream and snapper round Sydney, and for giant perch in an estuary of northern Queensland. Of the wonderful fishes within the Barrier Reef, which sail among their grottoes like birds of paradise in eastern jungles, I caught only a hurried glimpse as the ship forged slowly northward. The Mercator shows nothing of the quiet peace behind the Barrier, or of the sheltered fairyland called Sydney Harbour, but these are scenes so lovely that memory needs no aid. Sea and sky were but different shades of blue. Clouds were as rare as the visits of angels.

Back another four years, 40° N. instead of 40° S., and the summer of 1891 finds me at Leghorn, a modern seaport of no beauty, but the scene of my earliest essays in the most historic of seas. All manner of small game, from octopus to grey mullet, came my way, and while I fished with the rod, or with fine elastic lines of horsehair, my Italian friends preferred the speedier harvest of dynamite or the *bilancia* net. Leghorn is the only city in which I have caught sea fish in the street.

The Fisherman's Mercator

Beneath my window in the Scali degli Olandesi ran a salt-water canal, harbouring fat mullet that were not too coy, but only now and then did I angle for them from the pavement at an early hour when the beggars were still asleep in gateways. Later in the day I preferred the privacy of the dockyard, of which the Government Engineer made me free throughout the summer. The grey mullet, a leisurely fish even in our cold northern waters, is a veritable *lazzarone* in the sunny Mediterranean, loving to bask like any carp alongside weed-grown piles and making a poor fight of it when tried for his life. It needs the bracing air of Margate to bring out fighting mettle that tests the angler's delicate touch and fine tackle.

One more year of looking backward, a dozen degrees further north on the same parallel of longitude, takes me to the limit of this retrospect on the cold shores of the Baltic, known to Germans as the "East Sea," as little subject to tides as the Mediterranean, but both colder and less saline. So great, indeed, is the proportion of fresh water that I often caught marine and river fish together within ten minutes, the most extraordinary harvest of an angler's hour that I ever gathered.

So much, then, for what is gone. But that

these pages are concerned with other seas and lands, ten years might have been added to this retrogression, so as to include the earliest days of my apprenticeship to the sport of sports, days on the locks and weirs of Thames, or on the sleepy Norfolk Broads, on Dagenham Lake, or on a dozen piers, schoolboy memories of small ambitions easily realised, yet affording fully as much satisfaction as the more elaborate operations of maturity.

There is, for one still free from what newspaper advertisements pleasantly term the "gouty habit," another agreeable exercise, with the old Mercator still open, and that is the building of castles in the water, misty St. Michael's Mounts of dreamland, planning raids, perchance inchoate, on the fish of untried regions. Playgrounds, the equal of any I have known, remain new to me. There is the Cape of Good Hope, with the finest shore-fishing in all the world, with great *kabeljaauw* in the lagoons and mighty "mussel-crackers" to be caught in deeper water from boats. To the reader of newspapers, the Persian Gulf figures chiefly as the scene of gun-running, but to myself it holds out alluring promise of unrivalled sport with bass and with grey mullet, both of which flourish exceedingly in that historic inlet. A little further east, again, my finger lingers on the coast-line

of India, and I turn to maddening letters from friends about trolling for *seer* and *bahmin* and *begti*, all of them very worthy fishes that I should love to fight.

West of Greenwich, too, there are blest isles set in deep water that my baits have yet to try: the Azores, the Cape Verde group and Bermuda, all with a great reputation for fish that few have tried to catch for profit and even fewer for sport.

It may be that my wanderings are not yet over. It may be that, one of these days, I may yet fill in a little blank here and there. I still treasure a letter in which, some years ago, Rudyard Kipling bade me compile a sea-fishing Baedeker for the world. To that modest programme I never expect to be equal, but, with health and luck, I may yet get a step or two nearer to the whole truth.

But these are vain dreams, and so away with the Mercator and once more to the memory of the things that were!

The Garden of Allah.

Native Servants in Many Lands

Minor est quam servus dominus qui servos timet

THOUGH the traveller be imbued with the belief that the "proper study of mankind is man," he may find his opportunities in this direction limited to his native servants; and if, further, he be a sportsman, his scope will in great measure be restricted to such gillies, guides, and gun-bearers as are retained to assist in his shooting or fishing. These camp-followers are a by no means uninteresting element of foreign travel, and the tourist who studies their racial or individual peculiarities serves himself in so doing, since on their proper treatment, with a varying proportion of firmness and concession, depends much of the success of every expedition. Even in cities, sudden dismissal of a servant may entail no little discomfort until the place be satisfactorily filled. In the bush, such defection may have very serious results, and the white man is therefore compelled to treat his natives with con-

sideration, if only for selfish reasons. As a matter of fact, a very real affection usually springs up between him and these overgrown children of the wild; and when the moment of parting comes, and the camp has to be paid off on reaching the coast, he finds himself invaded by a poignant regret at losing their company, which he could not have thought possible before they went into the jungle together and together shared the triumphs and disappointments of the trip.

No man, they say, is a hero to his valet, and neither, I think, is any fisherman to his gillie. Now and again, as a matter of fact, he must seem very small fry, and he has good reason to be thankful for the reticence of these auxiliaries, who, knowing more than they talk about, unconsciously obey the mandate of Plautus. Were their tongues loosened, many an amateur reputation would be shattered, many a home truth circulated: of flies thrown like brickbats, of prawn used where the water should be fished only with fly; of foozling in midstream and bungling at the bank, of language more suitable to the golf links, where the Colonel and his friends (*vide Georgics*)

miscuerunt herbas et non innoxia verba!

Then, again, the fisherman's debt to his gillie is often out of all proportion to his recognition of it. This dependence on outside aid is, no doubt,

common to other sports as well, and in none is it more apparent than in deerstalking, in which, as a rule, the keeper locates the stag, then takes his charge by devious routes within shot of it, carrying the rifle all the way; then makes him recover his breath and get over his buck-fever, and finally slips in a cartridge and puts the weapon in his hands. The sportsman presses the trigger, and the keeper does the rest, even to gralloching the beast when it is down. Not to quite the same extent is the fisherman under obligation, yet when I recall the many good fish I should have lost but for timely aid with the boat or gaff, and the many more that I should never even have seen unless they had first been found for me, it seems to me that it was not myself who caught them, but the gillies. Tardy reparation is better than none, and so I gladly recover some of them from the dust of oblivion. For the most part, they are curiously modest about their share in the day's sport, though this does not perhaps apply to those of the Tweed and some other Scotch rivers, the professional fishermen of which are fully aware of their own merit without the need of reminder. Now and again, however, the gillie will be ordinarily outspoken, administering rebuke that loses none of its sting because it is unconscious. I recollect one summer's morning fishing in a bay of Cape Breton

Island and discussing various subjects with my assistant, a native Scotsman twice removed, who was rowing me to the fishing grounds. He argued some point or other, with casual reference to the Cambrian and Silurian strata, of which I venture to say two-thirds of the gillies at home have never even heard, and I could not refrain from expressing surprise at the depth of his reading. Whereat this out-at-elbows Gaelic farmer, who has never been away from Nova Scotia, living all his life in one of its least sophisticated settlements, replied very quietly: "All our long winter evenings, you see, I have nothing else to do but read. You have to write so much, I guess, that you have very little time for reading!" It was admirable, and it was final. I gladly give Percy's witticism wider publicity, for he never will. He never even saw it. Why should he? His name was McRitchie.

A long retrospect of gillies, brown, black, Christian, Moslem, Pagan, upright, dishonest, and every grade between, leaves a heavy balance in their favour. Master and man alike, the best of us is bad in spots, just as the worst is good in patches. If, on the whole, they found me as satisfactory as, with an occasional exception, I found them, there need be no grumbling on either side.

Unfettered by the tyranny of diary or atlas,

ranging at will over five-and-twenty years and a hundred thousand miles of fishing tours, from the still lakes of Canada to the steaming estuaries of Queensland, from muddy streams in Africa to frozen beaches of the Baltic, memory recalls a strange gallery of types—Syrian, Basque, Copt, Red Indian, Negro, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Turk, Greek, Levantine, Moor, and French-Canadian. Here was indeed a bewildering epitome of waterside humanity, with which I have tossed in little boats at anchor or stumbled along the rocky banks of rivers. When, at times, the fish were hard to please, the quaint companionship of these men brought entertainment and distraction. I salute their memory, one and all!

Those who fish or shoot in Canada and the United States hire guides, not gillies. The meaning of "gillie" I know not, but the functions of the guide are obvious, since, in those untrodden wilds, his first duty is to take the hunter or fisherman to the right spot and back again to camp, traversing a wilderness in which the tenderfoot would soon lose his bearings. Even in more civilised tracts of Europe, where the angler in search of fish is in the position of Mohammed and his mountain, the good gillie is primarily a guide. He is also, however, in both hemispheres, philosopher and friend as well, comforting the sportsman

in his failure, chastening him in his conceit, helping him make a reputation that he would never build unaided.

Of all my guides in the New World, none, I think, was more curious and interesting than a lean and silent Chippewa Indian of Lake Huron named Wellington Madwayosh. The first of these names, which fitted only his large aquiline nose, may, for aught I know to the contrary, have been bestowed on him by the pastor of the Baptist Mission, where, as a child, he learnt his catechism. I prefer to remember him as Madwayosh. His virtues were, to be frank, mainly negative. He was not offensively familiar, like some of the white guides in New Brunswick. He was not disgustingly blasphemous, like many of the French-Canadian guides of Quebec. He was as silent as the forest, or as the canoe that he paddled swiftly over the quiet lakes. He lacked the theatrical woodlore of Indians in the pages of Fenimore Cooper. He was refreshingly ignorant of the names of several birds. Yet he could swing an axe and light a fire in less time than it took me to change my boots. Several days we fished together, and at night we camped under the stars. He was a careful cook, a patient fisherman, a hardworking servant; and we parted the best of friends.

The white guides on the Miramichi were quite

as capable, but one, at any rate, was so infected with the democratic itch that he confused civility with servility and kept clear of both. He was informed with a fine contempt for "dude lords," and could scarcely bring himself to do such work as he was paid for by even a commoner. Very romantic tourists go back to civilisation with a wholly exaggerated estimate of the character of these backwoodsmen, whom they hold up as patterns to the decadent men of cities. I protest against this warped perspective, which is as absurd as any paradox in Euclid. In their own surroundings they are, no doubt, fine fellows, enduring hardships that would be too severe for those reared under gentler conditions. They are as honest as children; more honest than some. They can be tender in the presence of weakness or suffering. Yet they are far from models. They are not clean, and they are not godly. Their language is profane, their ideals are gross. To give them their due, they are admirably suited to the conditions under which they have to live their lives, but to acclaim these backwoodsmen, who have reverted to a condition of savagery from which their Scotch forbears emerged ten generations ago, as an example to modern civilisation, is ludicrous. These free children of the woods are, in fact, a strange mixture of good and evil. Self-reliant and courage-

ous, creatures of large spaces and limited horizon, they are more intolerant of class distinctions than were the emigrant crofters who sired them. No one making holiday in the primeval forest expects the clothes of Saville Row or the courtesies of the Trianon, but the roughest of the guides may shock even those who are forewarned. Their communism is a passion. Some of them even expect to share the sportsman's blankets at night. Beyond mentioning the fact, in passing, that they neither wash their persons nor change their clothes for days together, I offer no advice, but if the tourist has any self-respect (he rarely has) he is not likely to accede to the request. Privacy of his sleeping-quarters will, it is true, have been purchased at the cost of his guide's esteem, but the price is not a high one. That they dip their spoons and forks in the common dish may also ruffle the fastidious tourist, but for me it had no terrors, for had I not feasted with Moorish Kaids and been hand-fed with morsels of mutton and chicken as a mark of high esteem? Apart from their little eccentricities, these New Brunswick lumbermen make wonderful guides. They swing and snub their frail canoes with amazing skill. They pitch the tents, light the fire, and bough the sleeping-berths in the time it takes an Englishman to crawl ashore. Even if their cooking be not of Benoist, a hard day's fishing is

sauce to make fresh fried grilse, bacon and eggs, with cranberry jelly, home-made cakes, and strong tea or coffee reminiscent of a banquet at the Fishmongers' Hall. Then, round the blazing camp fire, comes their supreme joy of retailing their amazing fiction to the tenderfoot, whom they regale with hair-raising stories of bears and rattlesnakes. He must be a churl, devoid of all sense of humour, who meets their fondest efforts with sarcastic disbelief. Such a day's work is hard enough to have earned so humble a reward, and the man who shows his doubts deserves to be deserted by his following.

My guide on Lake Tahoe, which is cradled in the snow-capped sierras of California and Nevada, its baffling waters

> The greenest of things blue,
> The bluest of things grey . . .

was a willing exile from Bavaria named Jerry—Jerry what, I never learnt—emancipated from the petty tyranny of *Unteroffizieren* and from the iron routine of the barracks. The Kaiser, so Jerry told me, might carry fire and sword over Europe, and might even humble the sea-power of perfidious Albion, but Jerry would not be there to shoulder a rifle or serve a gun. He preferred to be No Man's Man on the sweet shores of Tahoe, and the witchery of that alpine mere seemed to have entered

into the soul of this unromantic peasant. Above all, however, he prized his freedom and the good wages earned by taking sportsmen from the Tavern after the big trout. Now and then, he owned, particularly in the winter months, it was dull, and its silence oppressive. "*Aber, sehe Sien mal, Herr . . .*" could he not take train to Reno or Truckee and there, in any of a score of drinking-saloons, find congenial company among the Czechs, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, or other Balkan and Carpathian rabble working in the mines and knocking down their cheques in liquor?

Further south in California is the island of Santa Catalina, perhaps the most famous meeting-place of big game hunters of the sea in all the world. Here the leaping tuna and mighty swordfish, the black sea-bass and the dashing yellowtail are taken on rod and line, and the Metropole is crowded to its bathrooms every summer, during which season a score of guides reap a brief but ample harvest. The *doyen* of them all is "Mexican Joe," a genial old half-caste, a little past his prime perhaps, yet full of memories that compensate his patrons for occasional slowness in handling the launch. With him is a hairless mongrel christened the "tuna hound" by Gifford Pinchot, a keen sportsman chiefly famous for political differences with the President. This wheezy mas-

cotte must, like its master, have seen better days, but no consideration would induce Joe to put to sea without it.

Not far from Montreal is another still water called Broom Lake, and here the fishermen are lazy *habitants*, who, with their slovenly manner and hybrid *patois*, might have stepped straight out of the pages of Drummond. My own guide, Louis, devoted most of the time for which I was overpaying him to long rallies of mordant repartee with his half-brother, Alphonse, who gave him quip for crank from a neighbouring boat. They quarrelled in their strange dialect, half French, half English, and impure in both, and they blasphemed with a flood of obscenity that would have done credit to the Paris *halles*. These French-Canadians are slow to pick up English, and even slower to admit their ignorance of the language. I once asked a waiter at the Place Viger Hotel, in Montreal, whether a Ladies' Orchestra, which played in the corridor during the dinner hour, included a 'cello. "No, Monsieur," was the unexpected reply, "they are all young girls!" He thought I said "fellow," for the French know the instrument to which I alluded only as *violoncelle*.

A thousand miles or more farther west lies yet another Canadian lake, named after the Evil One, and regarded by the all but extinct Indians of

Alberta as his residence. Above its shores tower the Rocky Mountains, and it was on the blue deeps of Minnewanka, as the Indians called it, that I found myself, for the first time on that continent, with a guide who was also a gentleman by birth and education. He proved to be an old Trinity man, who, down on his luck in the old country, had realised his remaining capital, built him a little inn, assembled a modest flotilla of punts, and settled down to the Simple Life amid this beautiful scenery, turning his love of sport and open air to good account. Here, surely, was no bad occupation for a man who did not mind taking off his coat.

The view of blue Minnewanka dissolves in the steam of a Florida backwater on a golden May morning, with heavy pelicans wheeling over the low beach of Boca Grande, and giant rays leaping in the sunshine in a mad endeavour to throw off the remoras that irritate their skin. Here, in a slender skiff, sits my American guide, Underhill, a sallow "cracker," who, when needs must, worked with a will, but who was also equal to enjoying life like an honest gentleman whenever I was being towed up and down the Pass by a shark, an interlude that would sometimes last an hour or two. Then he would rest on his oars and smoke my cigars, while I held on grimly, unable

to recover a yard of line on the reel, yet keeping the huge fish from sounding to any great depth. When, however, a mighty tarpon took the hook in its jaws, jumping again and again, struggling, doubling, swimming *tardando tardando*, Underhill would bend that lean body of his and throw out his narrow chest manfully as he pulled at the creaking oars. Then, the moment the skiff grated on the beach, a little below the lighthouse for choice, out he would leap in the shallow water, gaff in hand, wading up to his knees, that he might strike the great hook home in the tarpon's shoulder as soon as I could coax its muscular six feet within the sweep of his right arm.

Negroes are wonderful fishermen. They also make excellent gillies *if* allowed to fish as well, but they are, first and foremost, overgrown infants, and, like other children, they lack the patience of the looker-on. Unless allowed to hold a line, they sulk or sing (and to listen to their singing is a penance), blandly indifferent to what is going on. Having fished in company with many negroes, I have endeavoured to investigate the alleged mystery of their thoughts, with the result that I am convinced that, in many cases, those thick skulls of theirs hide no mystery whatever. A negro is, I am persuaded, capable of sitting in a boat for hours together, thinking of nothing at all,

body and mind alike reposing in a blank slumber impossible to men of other rind unless they close their eyes.

The first negro fisherman of whom I have any clear recollection was captain of a little tugboat in Sydney Harbour, a craft which the Snapper Club to which I belonged used to hire for week-end excursions to distant fishing-grounds. He was a marvellous fisherman, baiting hooks and catching fish more quickly than any of our party. Yet, apart from this one talent and the navigation of his boat in well-known waters, he approximated as nearly to the perfect idiot as any man I ever fished with.

Another son of Ham, with whom I sailed and fished in very different scenes, was "Dickie," a native of Montego Bay, in Jamaica, and we trolled on hot summer evenings among the Bogue Islands, failing to find the imaginary tarpon he celebrated in eloquent fiction, but being found by clouds of mosquitoes, which did the duty expected of them and sent us home with tingling skins. Dickie's triumph was the catching of garfish for livebait. With a bobbin of sewing cotton, a little hook and cork and a piece of breadcrust, he would hook and haul these long-beaked creatures thirty or forty yards from the boat, though how he managed it I know not. One morning we actually did catch a

barracouta that was lying in eight or ten fathoms of water under the keel of a schooner from the Cayman Islands. Dickie then took me on board and presented me to his friends, the owner and his wife, prehistoric relics from the back of nowhere, who, having failed to sell me a large turtle that was sprawling on the deck, next besought me to petition President Roosevelt to annex their beautiful archipelago to the United States.

Islam has furnished me with strange attendants in my fishing in both Morocco and the Levant, One of these aquatic Moslems was a dragoman of Cairo, who, hearing my desire to fish the dreamy Nile for *armoot*, came to the steps of the Ghezireh Palace next day in a roomy felucca, with two oarsmen and a fat little Copt, a butcher by trade, who had shut his shop up for the day in the hope of a *bakshcesh*. I had already learnt from Captain Flower, Superintendent of the Giza Zoo, that the fishing in the vicinity of the city was of no high order, but at the moment I anticipated mild diversion from the antagonism between Cross and Crescent, and I was not disappointed. Suleiman and the Copt, whose name has not been preserved, came to loggerheads within an hour of starting, and their voices rose and fell in endless argument, till at length I bade them be silent and catch fish. Why were we getting no *armoot? Malaish!* said the

True Believer, and *Malaish!* echoed the squat Infidel, one, at anyrate, in reverence of a principle of lazy fatalism dear to the fellahin of that sun-baked land. Yet I would have none of their *malaish*, but made them at least pretend to fish with a will; and it was not until we were sailing back to the bridge that evening, in the violescent glow of an Egyptian sunset, that I allowed them to resume their debate. Then it was that the Copt played his trump card, begging me to agree with him that Suleiman had behaved shamefully in putting aside an old wife, who had borne him no son, and taking a more youthful substitute with a view to repairing the omission. I declined to arbitrate, being unable to maintain the necessary gravity in the face of an unmistakable wink from the polygamous rogue, and, reaching my hotel just as darkness fell swiftly on the eternal river, I left them still arguing over the divorce codes of their respective creeds.

Ordinarily speaking, the Turk is the most stolid of Mohammedans, but I once fell in with two "Old Turks," my gillies for the time being, who on that occasion betrayed uncontrollable excitement. We were anchored, one perfect morning in April, in a little felucca half-way up the Bosphorus, off Candili, which is on the Asiatic shore, opposite Bebek and the Towers of Europe. The currents

are fierce thereabouts, and have carried out to the Marmora the lifeless evidence of many a dark crime, but there are quiet eddies between, in which it is possible to anchor and fish. The tunny that we sought to tempt did not come our way, but there were bigger things in store for us that forenoon than even tunny, for as I and my silent Turks sat waiting patiently for the fish, the southerly breeze brought to our ears the roar of cannon and the spitting of rifles. The artillery seemed to boom from the hills behind which lay Yildiz, and these loyal veterans pictured the last stand of the Padishah in his stronghold, an event for which Constantinople had been waiting breathless since the previous Saturday when the Army of Salonika had bombarded the city barracks. Their agitation was pathetic. Nothing would do but we must go ashore, a proposal that fell in with my own plans, as I was anxious to get back to the city for news. So I took the next crowded steamer down the Bosphorus, only to find that Abd-ul-Hamid was no longer Sultan, and that, even while we had pursued our unsuccessful fishing that morning, a tyranny of thirty years had come to an end. The salvo of artillery had been blank shell in honour of the new Sultan, Mehmet V. The rifle fire was less innocuous, since Levantines would always as lief fire their *feu de joie* with ball

cartridge. In fact, several casualties marked the occasion of these rejoicings.

My favourite gillie among the followers of the Prophet was a gentle giant of Tangier named Abdslam, more woolly-headed than David's friend, and with lips that also spoke of Soudanese extraction. His little son, Abdallah, who usually crept unbidden into our boat just as we pushed off from the rickety pier, was not an acquisition. He had generally eaten too much sweetstuff, with the inevitable result that he suffered from the gentle ocean swell that rolled round Cape Spartel, and this little vulgar fraction reduced to his lowest terms was not an edifying spectacle at close quarters. The climax of his sufferings, and ours, came one hot afternoon, when, not content with being violently sick in the boat, he deliberately made himself more comfortable by putting the tin of live shrimps in the sun, so that they were quite useless for bait. Thereupon Abdslam cuffed the prostrate one smartly on the ear, and exhorted him on the Koran to mend his silly ways. To myself he made handsome apology. The lad, he unnecessarily explained, was foolish. What could he do? It had pleased Allah (who is all-wise) to take from him, in the plague of 1895, an older boy by a favourite wife, one who was as the apple of his eye, leaving him

only this miserable one. *Kismet!* So it was written!

Abdslam, fatalist that he was, bowed his head meekly before all manner of calamity, whether his trouble was a feckless son or fish that would not take the hook. In the latter event, he would piously murmur *Insha-allah!* and move to try another spot. Not so José, a comic opera Spaniard, with a red rose behind his ear and a black cigarette between his lips, whom I sometimes employed when the preferable Abdslam was not available. José, with "*Mañana*" ever on his lips, was the most thriftless, improvident knave imaginable. When he liked, he was perhaps the better fisherman of the two, but he rarely liked; and his language, when the fish ceased from biting, would, if understood, have upset Wapping. Yes; such matters might be the will of *Dios*, but *Dios* ought to know better! José usually offered me his rose with the air of an hidalgo, and his cigarettes, which, fortunately, he kept for himself, were of such rich flavour that they would have turned any stomach less struthious. He worked only half as hard as the Moor and charged twice the price, taking on the job as if he were conferring a favour. And woe to the *padrone* if, at the end of each day, he did not add a liberal *favore* to the agreed wage. In such case, José would spit heartily on the

heretic's retreating shadow and consign him in his prayers to a resort compared with which Tangier Bay was but a polar sea.

With Basques and Portuguese I have also gone a-fishing. My Basque gillie, a common enough type of those strange *vascongados*, whom some declare to be of Tartar origin, countrymen of Ignatius Loyola, but not, so far as I could see, infected with his piety, was a rake-thin fellow named Gitouche, with broad-rimmed goggles on his enormous nose and dreadful French on his ready tongue. In his employ were two corsairs named Prospère and D'Artagnan, and with the three of them I caught, during a week of March at Biarritz, more whiting than ever before or since in the same time. Now and then they enlivened the proceedings by quarrelling, and one afternoon, when Prospère had helped himself too liberally from a flask of something they called wine, the *patron*, finding it drained, had to allay his thirst by taking up a truncheon and hitting the naughty one over the knee-cap, after which he pensively wiped his goggles and took no further notice of him.

My most devoted factotum of Portuguese strain —he was hardly a gillie, for he knew no more of fishing than of flying—was a native of Madeira called John. I could never actually recall how he

became attached to my person during the six weeks I spent in the island, but I found that I had entered into an unwritten agreement to pay him five francs a day as interpreter, a capacity in which he knew just enough English to make mischief between me and the other natives. He ran all my errands, and accompanied me on various outings after tunny. That I never even got a sight of the shoals was due to treachery on the part of the *reis* and crew of the boat I chartered. Possessed with a very flattering notion of my skill as a fisherman, these ingenious rascals purposely kept me away from the fish, fearing, as they admitted when I had to leave, that if I succeeded, I should summon an English fishing fleet to deplete the fisheries for which this overseas fragment of Portugal has been famous from time immemorial.

One of the quaintest of these comrades of my fishing memories was a Byzantine Greek called Nikko Yanni. He proudly called himself pure Greek, but the sacred fire of Hellas burnt very low in his heart. He was a clever fisherman, but a lazy knave, preferring the sight of the inside of his eyelids to the finest sunrise in Western Asia. Night after night, all through one June, he and I slept in a little caïque out in the Gulf of Ismidt; and every morning, ere the sun was over the mountains of Anatolia and had crept down to the scarlet

cherry orchards of Deirmendéré, I was compelled to lay him by the heels and make him haul the anchor and get his oars out. Nikko was such a child that he might almost have been a nigger. Times and again, when I lost a good fish, he would send me to Coventry for an hour; but he worked hard, and even had his great moments, as when, one morning, he leapt overboard in his clothes, the landing-net in his right hand, and saved a great bass of seventeen pounds that I had tired out, but that, owing to a hitch of my line round a nail in the keel, would have been lost but for this timely help. Another of his successes, over which, though I appreciated it very little at the moment, I have had many a hearty laugh since, was when, one moonless night, our craft was suddenly overhauled by the inspectors of the Tobacco Régie, who were on the look out for contraband. Seeing me in the boat, and knowing me by sight, they courteously took my word, which I gave in all good faith, that there was no smuggled tobacco on board, and drew off. I had no suspicion of having concealed the truth, and was not best pleased when, the moment they were out of hearing, Nikko, convulsed with laughter, informed me that two packets of the smuggled weed were all the time hidden in a locker on which I was sitting. His merriment was chilled when I audibly pondered on the propriety of recalling

the hoodwinked customs officials and handing him over to them, or on the scarcely less correct alternative of throwing the illicit cargo overboard. Nikko had a father. He had other troubles as well, no doubt, but his father was sufficient to the day. He was a little undersized bullying anthropoid, with herculean strength and a volcanic temper. The whole family trembled at his glance, while a command was anticipated before he troubled to utter it. Yanni *père* was, in truth, the chief autocrat of Pendik, the whole population of which dreaded his caustic tongue and gorilla arms. He and I used to engage in a version of Italian that would have made Dante emigrate to Malebolge, and on one occasion we nearly came to blows because I refused to pay him money that was Nikko's. The memory of his reputation inclines me to congratulate myself that matters were arranged diplomatically, in honour of which armistice this Orson drank several *mastics* at my expense.

Other natives of different lands have helped me in my fishing: swarthy Syrians on the sacred lake of Galilee, Mecklenburgers on the choppy waters of the Baltic, Cubanos off the sea-walls of Havana. In particular do I recall a poor misshapen little hunchback of Leghorn, a creature of sharp tongue but warm heart, who, on mild June nights—can

twenty years have sped since I listened to his Tuscan prattle ?—used to row me out to the Molo Nuovo and show me cunning groundbaits and other secrets of his pastime, to which, being a barber by trade, he could give only the dark hours. These many summers he is but a hypogeal memory, my poor little *gobbo*, buried in the Campo Santo on the hill, where a modest grave holds his twisted shell until the Awakening.

These memories have been of overseas. Nearer home, I have caught Tweed salmon with the help of a pious Border Scot, who on the Sabbath sang in the village choir, but who, during the week, apostrophised me in broken Scotch whenever a hooked fish went free. Then there was a red-headed man of Devon, comrade of many a successful daybreak foray on the bass of a moorland estuary. Alas! he afterwards turned pilot and married the lady who ruins my linen. There was a Cornishman, too, of darker skin, with whom I fished a dozen summers off the frowning coast of his native duchy. Physically, the man was a marvel, and not with the hundred arms of Briareus could he have handled his lugger, his lines, and his pipe to better purpose. His mind, it must be confessed, was a little backward, and I shall never forget how one of his interminable "humorous" stories of local celebrities all but goaded poor

Harold Frederic, who was staying with me at the time, to commit suicide there and then.

These gillies of mine are to me interesting memories. Time was, in the vealy years, when catching the fish of sea, river, or lake was all of fishing, but the personal equation of the gillie has of late shared my affection with the sport. Each was the product of his climate and surroundings: the lazy Spaniard, the fatalist Moslem, the lethargic Southerner, the vivacious Basque, the childish Nigger, the taciturn Redskin, the mercurial Italian, the dour Tweedsider.

Let me, in taking leave of their wraiths, humbly exhort the sportsman, whether at home or abroad, to observe certain simple rules in his treatment of them. Let him, first of all, pay the market wage recognised in the neighbourhood, adding, if so minded, a gratuity at the end of the trip in reasonable proportion to his satisfaction with results, always bearing in mind that luck is to be taken into consideration, and that an enormous bag is not necessarily the gillie's doing any more than a blank day is his fault. Let them, however, above all things, not spoil the market by paying fancy prices, for to do so is (American papers please copy!) vulgar and not generous, and it not only demoralises the gillies, but injures sportsmen with less to spare. Let the employer be consider-

ate, but firm. He may be as lenient a master, within reason, as he pleases, so long as he is always master. There is only room for one captain in every ship, for one leader on every expedition, and this reminds me that, where several sportsmen share one camp, it is the best of all plans to let one be nominated leader, as the men, particularly coloured men, resent taking orders from half a dozen "bosses." These guides, gillies, and camp servants are invariably bad masters; and, however indifferent a man may be in respect of his own prestige, he has no right, by careless conduct or culpable slackness, to jeopardise that of others who come after. There will be found at the head of this chapter a tag of Latin that fits the situation.

"Del agua mansa me guarde Dios."

From the painting "August Blue," by H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., by permission of the Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd., 74, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

The Morning Bathe

EVEN as cleanliness comes next to godliness, so, after fishing, bathing has been the daily delight of thirty summers. Surf booming on sandy beaches, deep water gurgling against the cliffs, silent lakes, singing rivers, swimming-baths both natural and artificial, morning dips from pier or boat, all come crowding back out of the past. First there was the early mastery of swimming, acquired at a tender age in the Marylebone Baths from a professional instructor called McGarrick. This amphibious Scotsman loomed in my boyish imagination as a kind of Dagon, a fish-man, and I fancy he has since swum the Styx. Thanks to his patient efforts, in which a belt and tarpon-rod played their part, I gained confidence; but my real teachers were such older boys at Clifton as found congenial exercise in throwing me and other juniors into the deep end of the summer swimming-bath. Not just then did I think very charitably of these eccentrics, but now that our ways are parted, now that some are

nabobs in India and others buried in the Veldt, I realise that their clumsy attentions bred in me a fearlessness of water which has added to my enjoyment of fishing in many oceans. A quarter of a century has been squandered since they cast me on the waters, but I remain the better for the rough frolic that I liked so little at the time.

Only in the summer months do I count the morning swim part of the daily round. I have in my veins the blood of neither walrus nor penguin, and do not therefore feel the same inducement to plunge in sea or river at Christmas as do so many of my friends who ought to know better. To every season its proper amusements, and I would as soon dream of putting on ice-skates in August. Even in the hottest weather, moreover, I like to swim and not to wallow. The fashionable midday bathe of crowded watering-places, when otherwise respectable citizens roll in strangely striped costumes several sizes too small for them, suggesting elephants in football jerseys, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes on pier and parade, is a form of recreation that recalls Gray's remark that he did not bathe like the common people. Give me the quick plunge, short swim, and brisk rub down with a hard towel, all before breakfast. I have no desire for company in the water, and am almost as unsociable bathing as fishing. Not subject to

cramp myself, I am doubtful of being able to save anyone else seized with it; hence a selfish preference for the solitary swim. Nor, though free from any rooted objection to what is disagreeably known as "mixed bathing," does the society of the fair, never less fair than in the water, attract me at such moments. It is ridiculous to condemn this social pastime as indecent in a community which permits mixed golf and mixed dancing. Those who are bent on outraging the conventions need no encouragement of circumstances, and minds that see immorality in mixed bathing would look askance at a curate philandering over croquet. The vast majority of Eve's daughters are, indeed, so wistfully unattractive in the water, that I imagine such liberty (denied the public only at a few very pious Scotch resorts) peculiarly safe from abuse.

The ideal sea bathe is, I think, to be had from boat or pier. Going in from an open beach is pleasant only when there is no wind, and the bathing-machine is a survival of Georgian Brighthelmstone, a comfortless, ill-lighted, draughty, slippery tumbril, which should long ago have been relegated to the Chamber of Horrors. Among the few shore bathes that I recall with satisfaction only three localities call for passing mention. The first was Tangier, where, in May, I walked in

every morning from the beach opposite my hotel, leaving my bath robe and Moorish slippers on the sand, to be sniffed and trodden on by caravans of camels and asses coming in from the south. Another was Barbados, alongside the so-called "Engineers' Pier," now the property of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. All along the shore sea-urchins were the *pièces de résistance*, and all who could not swim had, for their soles' sake, to go delicately, like Agag. There were also sinister rumours of a large and enterprising barracouta, but it had the unimpeachable taste to haunt the ladies' bathing-place, so that we of the decadent sex went unscathed.

My third shore bathe was, as a matter of fact, the most enjoyable of any kind in any quarter of the globe, and that was at Doctor's Cave, adjoining the little port of Montego Bay. The climate of Jamaica in the month of June is a sauce that would make even ordinary bathing delicious, but this particular sea-bath is superb. The water, which is sheltered from the wind, is so clear as to show a threepenny-bit lying in three fathoms. The sand is so smooth that it rubs the bather's skin as fine as silk. The air is so soft that it caresses the body and never chills. There is depth for those who dive, and for those who merely paddle there is smooth foothold with no lurking

dangers. To the generosity of Nature much has been added by the ingenuity of man: a bath-house, a fresh shower, a raft, and other attractions. This tribute reads like an extract from a local guide-book, but it is spontaneous. Driven to and from the town in the buggy of a hospitable resident, I bathed at the Cave at all hours of the day, and was surprised to find the water coldest at noon, doubtless by contrast with the warmer atmosphere. At all times, the Cave is perfection. I never found its equal between Tasmania and the Tweed.

Mention of Tasmania reminds me that bathing in Australian seas involves certain precautions on account of the sharks and other marine vermin that infest those southern strands. The only safe spots for such exercise are either the swimming-baths, railed off with a grid, through which we used to picture hungry sharks at gaze, or natural rock-pools filled only by the high-flung spray of the Pacific. Even these had to be carefully scrutinised before we took the plunge, for an unusually high tide during the night sometimes helped a stray shark over the natural barrier, and there were occasional rumours of an octopus having squirmed its way into the swimming-bath. Bathing from open beaches, though freely indulged in, was never unattended with risk, for

the waters round Sydney swarmed with sharks, attracted, so it was said in those days, by the refuse from the city slaughter-houses, though I am unable to say whether the conditions have changed during the past fifteen years since I lived out there. The only actual death from shark-bite that I remember during my stay in the colonies was that of an unfortunate little boy whose hat blew off as he was paddling with his playmates in the "white water"—that is to say, on the sand where, thanks to the light background, any intruding shark can at once be seen. No one but a fool ever trusts himself in the darker water, for an ambush by one of these grisly brutes is a certainty. Fearful of a trouncing if he went home hatless, the little fellow staggered after his cap and missed his footing, when, swift as a flash, a shark turned on its side and snapped his little leg off just above the knee, with the result that, no surgical aid being available, he died the same evening from hæmorrhage. I was in a fishing boat at the time of the disaster, about a mile away, but had no idea of the real nature of the disturbance. Only the same week, one breezy afternoon, when going down the harbour on one of the ferry boats, in company with the late Aubrey Harcourt, I had seen a large racing yacht capsize in a sudden squall and throw its occupants into the water within a few yards of

where, not five minutes earlier, Harcourt and I had seen a huge shark gliding slowly in the wake of our steamer. They were, however, picked up without further mishap, which once more confirms the view that sharks prefer to attack solitary victims.

No cry is more terrible, more paralysing to swimmers, even in company, than that of "Shark!" I recollect one summer's evening off Teneriffe, when two or three of us were bathing from a steamer anchored at Santa Cruz, and a wag on deck took it into his vacuum-flask of a head to shout "Ware Shark!" Taking him seriously, we sprinted for the ladder, which I, though less ample in those days than in my middle age, was last to reach, yet not too late to give a practical turn to our resentment on discovering it to be a false alarm. Forthwith the humorist went into the water, immaculate white flannels, eyeglass, and all! On our own shores sharks are not a recognised danger, and in the immediate vicinity of the land, indeed, they are a negligible quantity. Yet the blue shark and porbeagle grow to man-eating size on the English coast, particularly in the West Country, a fact which is, however, so generally overlooked that I was on all sides regarded as a sensation-monger when, some years ago, I published in the *Times* a warning to yachtsmen against bathing alone from their dinghies on hot summer days

several miles from land. I never even hinted at danger close to pier or beach, but merely in the deeper water where I had so often caught sharks of nearly forty pounds in weight and had seen many far heavier. Unfortunately, this *caveat* was misconstrued by lodging-house keepers and others interested in the "season" as prejudicial to their business, and, instead of letting sleeping dogs lie, they dug my sharks up and dubbed them "dogfish," and called me something else, so that I had no alternative but to seek corroborative evidence from the Cornish fishermen and other experts, who established a much stronger case for the sharks than I had stated before.

Throughout the tropics, at any rate, sharks command respect; but whenever a vessel anchors for a few hours in cooler seas one or two adventurous spirits are sure to take the opportunity of a dip. I remember doing so one August in the Black Sea, off Samsoun, and the water was warm and not very salt to the taste. A more enjoyable bathe in the Euxine was that from the sloping beach at Batoum. There is no "mixed" bathing at Batoum. One reason is that the Russian ladies dispense with a bathing costume, and the others do not matter. The ladies' machines are several hundred yards distant from the men's, and the approach is jealously barred by armed police, faithful Lazes,

who never shrink from their onerous duty of watching their fair charges and letting no other male approach.

If the Black Sea is not very saline, the Baltic is even less so. Many years ago, I bathed in the latter sea for six or seven months, beginning in April, when I was alone, and ending in September in the company of merry *Burschen* and *Einjährigen* flirting with their round-faced *Mädels*. My good comrades of the Fatherland were not in those days very finished swimmers. Even then their country had decided that its future lay on the water, but they cut very poor figures in it. Still, all that is twenty-one years ago, and, now that men then in the cradle have come of age, it may be that the vigilance of Potsdam has made the whole nation amphibious. Perhaps, after all, we ought to fear invasion. *Am Tag!*

Those who need a bath of brine should take it in the Dead Sea, the most salty salt water in all the world, from which I emerged one morning in the condition of Lot's wife, whose fate should be a warning to all curious wives. The traveller bathes in the Dead Sea chiefly for the satisfaction of saying that he has done so, riding out from Jericho soon after daybreak, as at any later hour the plain is Tophet. Swimming is an effort, and sinking an impossibility. Care must be taken to keep the

water off the face, as it would not only be a case of

> . . . Salt entered mouth and eyes
> Often enough . . .

but might entail serious injury. I brought away a paper bag full of the fine shingle from the beach and a phial of the water, but both came to grief in my luggage. The water went into my underclothing, and the shingle vanished altogether. A number of small yellow spiders may be seen running about the beach, though what they find to feed on, except salt, is a puzzle. The skin dries so rapidly after the bathe that towels are unnecessary.

Even those who are not so orthodox as to admit its spiritual virtues usually take a second dip in the Jordan to wash the body free of salt, but its muddy torrent looked uninviting, and I contented myself with watching Russian pilgrims, long-haired and transfigured with zeal, being baptised by their priest. My only other bathe in Palestine was, in fact, in a lovely pool in the Wady Kelt, said to be Elijah's Brook Cherith, on the banks of which the prophet was nourished by ravens. This story used to delight me as a small boy, but learned folks have destroyed all these early illusions, demonstrating irrefutably that his "ravens" were not the funereal fowl of that name, but a tribe of

Bedawin, just as the "locusts" that fed John the Baptist were not insects but carob beans. My chief surprise at Cherith was a vivacious crab, which walked solemnly over the floor of my swimming-bath. Since the "Sea of Lot," into which (by way of the Jordan) the Wady Kelt finally descends, harbours no life so highly organised as a crab, there was something startling in the apparition of this creature, and I scrambled hastily up the bank.

Apart from sharks and medusæ, the bather's worst trouble comes from weed and the tides. Even the best of swimmers, who has nothing to fear from broken shells and other dangers on the ground, is not always able to avoid the clinging embrace of long seaweed, which is often dangerous and always loathsome, suggesting the waving tresses of drowned women. The tangled kelp that fringes the islands of California is a perfect death-trap, and in the gulfs of Asia Minor there is a long weed which hampers the swimmer even at high tide, and renders shore-bathing impossible when it is low. Tides and currents are another peril against which even powerful swimmers must at times be on their guard. The worst that I have felt in these seas were when bathing from a boat near Tenby, but even in landlocked waters, like those of Puget Sound, on the Pacific coast of

Canada, the tides are very treacherous at times, as I remember noticing at English Bay, a seaside suburb of Victoria, where crowds bathe every summer evening, accompanied by the rare strains of a vigorous local band with original ideas of the face value of crotchets and quavers.

Most of my freshwater bathing memories take me back to swimming-baths: Marylebone, Hastings, and Clifton in my school days; Paddington during the "cramming" years at Wren's; and, last and greatest of all, biggest, they claim, in all the world, the Sutro Baths at San Francisco. These hold two million gallons of sea-water in tanks of various temperature, and the building, as I remember it, was high enough to serve as a race-course for aëroplanes.

Of river-bathing my memories are fewer, but I shall not soon forget morning plunges in the Miramichi, a beautiful salmon river of New Brunswick, in which the only drawback to the swimmer's full enjoyment is the continual change of depth. Yielding a little to the current, while he gathers strength to breast the rapids, he is apt to be swept with disconcerting suddenness over a jagged rock or hummock of shingle, either of which will flay his chest. A still more invigorating battle with the water was to be had at the mouth of the Mira River, in Cape Breton Island, where any but a strong

swimmer, daring the full force of the outgoing tide, would be swept under the bridge. Nine or ten miles up the river, on an island known as Sangaree, there is a sandy spit, from which I also used to bathe, finding water of sensibly different temperature on either side of the little headland.

Swimming-baths with medicinal properties also call for remembrance. There was the brimstone bath at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, the source of which is so charged with sulphur that bathers emerge smelling like matches. The water comes bubbling out of the rocky basin at a temperature of 90° F., so that, even in a Canadian July at that altitude, the contrast with the atmosphere is sharp, and there is much chattering of teeth after the bath. Bathers have to exercise great care in entering and leaving the water, as the corrosive action of the sulphur has rendered the rock as slippery as ice, and many an unrehearsed effect of crablike side-slip is provided for the amusement of charitable spectators.

Another sulphur bath with wonderful curative virtues in cases of running eczema and other eccentricities of the skin is that at Tiberias. On one occasion I remember depositing an old Frenchman, afflicted with some calamity compared with which St. Anthony's Fire is balm, at the entrance, and going down to the edge of Galilee to smoke

cigarettes until he returned to daylight, when, all of a sudden, piercing yells smote my ear. I rushed to the bath-house, with visions of the poor fellow in the hands of assassins, but the reality was less dramatic than my forebodings. He had dropped his spectacles, and, unable to see a yard in the half-darkness of the bath, had inadvertently plunged the whole of his person in a steaming bath intended for only one ailing leg. He emerged like a boiled lobster, and limped back to his hotel on my arm.

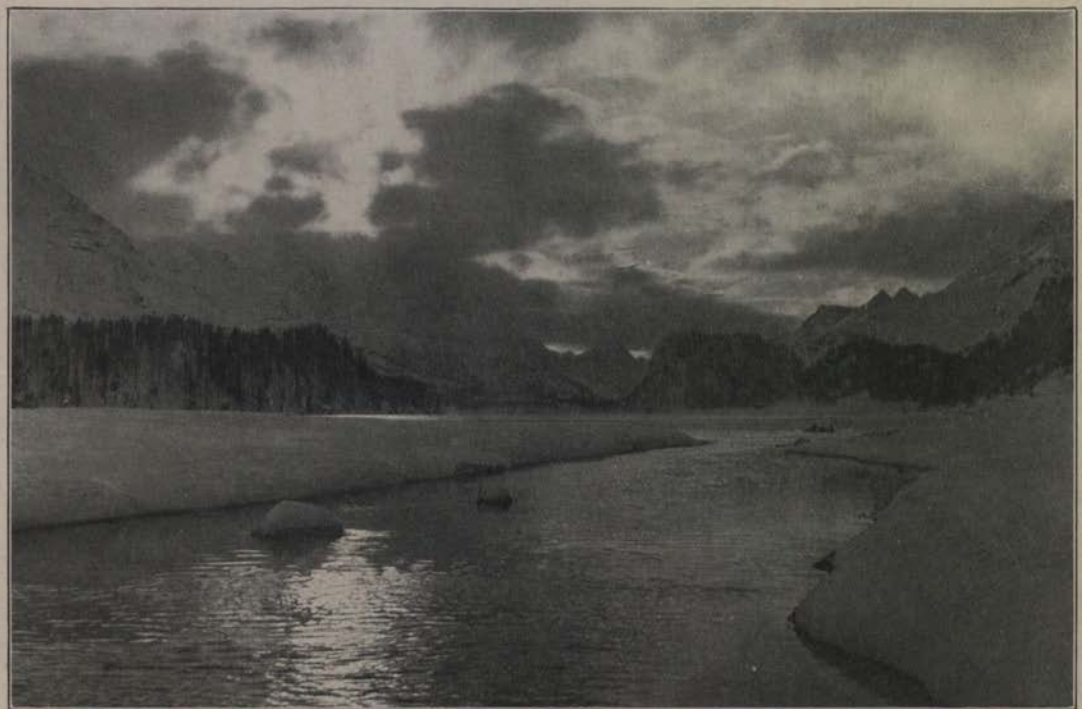
A more curious sulphur bath was that kept by Orbeliani, in the Tartar quarter of Tiflis. The sulphurous water comes welling out of the ground on the left bank of the Kura, and a barefooted, all but naked Persian *banchik* gives massage with a thoroughness that includes several *pas seuls* on the patient's back and chest. Fortunately, the Asiatic is lean and underfed. After his gymnastics, he shakes millions of soap-bubbles out of a small bag, and in these he completely envelops the bather, not considering that he has done his duty until his victim's eyes are smarting with pain.

The most Turkish *hammam* of my acquaintance is the one in Jermyn Street, where for years I have dreamed dreams, lying on the slab and looking sleepily up at the stained-glass suns and moons in the domed roof, or taking my coffee in

the outer hall and lazily watching debonair divines and popular actors nervously comparing to-day's weight with the last initialled in the Book of Fate. Not half so Turkish as some in Europe is the "Hammam el Malaky," or Queen's Bath, which stands in the heart of Damascus, near the market-place. There are no very high temperatures, and there is neither douche nor plunge at the end. The lounge opens on the street, with a vista of strings of shaggy camels filing past the entrance, over which hangs a towel as trademark, and here the customers recline in Damascene brocades and smoke their *nargilehs* and enjoy an hour's *keyeff*. Then they get into their clothes, which are no less picturesque than the bath-robes, and slip silently away at the hour when the *muezzin* are crying from the lofty minaret of the Ommayede Mosque, calling the Faithful to prayer.

Of all the memories of open-air ablutions in the gorgeous East, one, of a Moorish Garden, illustrates the folly of wisdom where ignorance is bliss. It was in Morocco City, in the Riad ben Ibrahim, a garden that was one wild tangle of orange, fig and apricot, their fruit and foliage framing an immense tank, twenty feet by ten, which, since Marrakesh, like Damascus, is well supplied with running water from the mountains, was always emptying and filling, day and night. The water

looked perfectly pure, and for more than a week I took a morning swim in the tank, revelling in its delicious coolness after a ride in the plain. At the end of that time, Kaid Maclean informed me that, before reaching our garden, the water must have gone through at least a hundred native dwellings. There are several picturesque skin troubles, some of them celebrated in Scripture, which still flourish in the Orient, and my remaining baths were taken in boiled water in a canvas affair from the Stores. A distinguished practitioner recently represented the daily bath as a fallacy of modern hygiene and a premium on microbes. Let dirty fellows take what comfort they can from his encouragement. It will make soap cheaper.



". . . In the innocence of its Heart"

Rivers Running to their Goal

> The fountains mingle with the River,
> And the river with the ocean.

AT the close of the great Ice Age, when the last *mer de glace* had drawn back towards the poles, and the glaciers had receded to their alpine strongholds, a new element came into the still scenes. Long before there were living creatures to listen to their voice, rivers went singing down to the sea, descending from the hills to trace a winding colophon to the Pleistocene chapter of earth's story. They symbolised the renascence of thawing Nature, enlivening scenes once dead and frozen, carving the landscapes as they went, wearing down the hills, going round or through or over every obstacle in their winding path, piling up deltoid tombstones to mark their burial in the ocean. If faith moves mountains, so do the smallest trickles that herald the birth of rivers, for there is no finality in scenery. The rivers that they cradle level them with the plains. As Stevenson said: "It is astonishing what a river can do, and all by following gravity in the innocence

of its heart." Year in, year out, day as well as night, they are busy lowering the proud summits, grinding them to impalpable dust, carrying them down to the ocean as so many billion tons of mud. Their energies are checked only by the winter frost, which, for a little, renews the conditions of the glacial epoch ere they had their being, or by the summer drought, which all but suffocates them. At other seasons, they are for ever undermining the mountains, the drops of water wearing down the stone by dreadful persistence. The process is a slow one, and to the uninformed eye invisible, save in time of flood; but to the geologist, who looks beneath the surface, it is evident even at midsummer. The river is Nature's architect; and is there any monument to the genius of Wren like unto the Grand Canyon of Colorado? This moulding of the earth by the agency of great rivers is picturesquely suggested in Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva.*

Many streaks down the rugged side of the heights around us showed where the rain, pouring down on their crests in the early spring, diverged in foaming torrents. Here, dashing with irresistible force through the narrow pass, they would furrow a road before them; there, emerging from the gradually widening defile, they would rush in a hundred different channels to swell the volumes of the mighty Oxus.

Rivers Running to their Goal

Mention of that historic river, the yellow waters of which curdle their sinuous way to the Sea of Aral, recalls the perfect description of a widening estuary in those sonorous lines from Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum:*

> But the majestic river floated on,
> Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
> Into the frosty starlight . . .
> Right for the polar star, past Orgunjé,
> Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
> To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
> And split his currents . . .
> . . . till at last
> The long'd for dash of waves is heard, and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens bright
> And tranquil, from whose flow the new-bathed stars
> Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

The river has played a memorable part in the history of nations. It has been at once their highway and their frontier. It is, as Pascal said, a moving road, and the traveller realises this best when canoeing down a stream like the Canadian Miramichi, with the crooning water ready each morning to bear the laden dugouts further on their way. It carried inland tribes down to the sea, and pointed the harder way to navigators bound for the heart of the forest primeval. It made possible the overthrow of the Dervishes and other remote inland autocracies that would, but for its aid, have continued to flourish with im-

punity. Not always has it worked for good. The navigation of the Congo has led to dark deeds that Stanley could never have foreseen when he first embarked on it thirty years ago. The struggle for the Niger has embroiled great Powers in endless conflict. The least historic of the great African streams is the Gambia, first described in *The Golden Trade* (1623), for it flows to the Atlantic through a climate so deadly as to have repelled even the greediest explorers.

Long before they had their share in the writing of human history, rivers were making the earth ready for animal life, of which they are the emblem. Running "from among reeds and lilies to the sea," the river is singularly human—first, a joyous stripling, rushing headlong out of darkness; then coming with more measured pace to its maturity; last, a weary creature, spent and disillusioned, passing again into darkness, with just a gleam of sunshine between . . . "a sleep and a forgetting." It is, perhaps, the one thing in Nature that is not, as Sterne said, shy before strangers. It is always its natural self, and pays no heed to an audience.

It is because it is so human that the river is the most sympathetic water in all Nature. The sea is too boisterous; the lake too languid. It is the river which, somewhere between the high tops and the seashore, has qualities to suit our every mood.

Rivers Running to their Goal

Its rapids sing of hurry, change, and ocean travel, rousing the *Wanderlust;* its lily-grown backwaters bring sweet content to those who stay at home. On this human trait in rivers Macaulay has a passage which illustrates his nephew's criticism that he saw scenery only with the historic eye.

I was delighted by my first sight of the blue, rushing, healthful-looking Rhone. I thought, as I wandered along the quay, of the singular love and veneration which rivers excite in those who live on their banks; of the feeling of the Hindoos about the Ganges; of the Hebrews about the Jordan; of the Egyptians about the Nile; of the Romans,

Cuique fuit rerum promissa potentia Tiberi . . .;

of the Germans about the Rhine. Is it that rivers have, in a greater degree than almost any other inanimate object, the appearance of animation, and something resembling character? They are sometimes slow and dark-looking; sometimes fierce and impetuous; sometimes bright, dancing, and almost flippant. The attachment of the French for the Rhone may be explained into a very natural sympathy. It is a vehement, rapid stream. It seems cheerful, and full of animal spirits, even to petulance.

The river is grandchild of the ocean and daughter of the rains. The mountains are its cradle. Always this is true: of the Jordan, even though it seem to take its being from an underground spring; of the Rhone, which we behold descending spaciously from melting snows; of the

great St. Lawrence, which, on the atlas, represents the overflow from a gigantic lake. The Psalmist, who loved running water with all his heart, knew that rain was the first cause of rivers, great and small, else why, grateful for such blessings in a thirsty land, should he have sung of rain as the "river of God"? Those who have not seen Palestine in a drought, with the hills that hem Jerusalem resembling ash-heaps, can scarcely realise the inward beauty of that willing tribute. Yet it is just in the Holy Land that, more characteristically than elsewhere, rivers have a way of leaping forth suddenly, as when the Prophet struck the rock and the water of Meribah gushed out. The tender beginnings of these underground streams are hidden from human eye.

In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool.

To the careless observer, the river may seem to run its easy course through ready-made channels, but this is confusion of cause with effect. The truth is that the river, having made its bed, must lie in it. The stream that runs with least deflection to its goal does so either by grace of its strength or by the favour of encountering few obstacles by the way. The majority must twist and turn and even double on their track, losing

their strength where the level meadows stretch to far horizons and being more easily turned aside than nearer to their source.

The river, like the ocean, has a voice peculiarly its own, loudest near its cradle, more subdued when drowned in the mightier outcry of the sea. Its voice betrays its mood. Swollen with the pride of melting snows or heavy rains, it makes deafening clamour; but it murmurs only incoherently at the summer solstice, and falls silent in the iron grip of frost. At times, its chatter is so loud as to drown the din of passing trains. Out of the Yosemite fairyland rushes the joyous Merced with a tumult that precludes all conversation in the little train that runs beside its gorge. The roar of the Fraser, where for some miles it follows the last westward stage of the Canadian Pacific line to Vancouver, is nothing short of overwhelming. Its mountain home reaches to the shore, and there is the same measure of high spirits in the Devonshire Lyn, which tumbles sheer out of fern-clad hills into the Bristol Channel, singing for joy even as it merges with the salt. As a rule, however, rivers lose heart and voice as they swing towards their goal. Their mood is one of sadness. They seem to realise that they are losing their personality. They run to the sea not, as Meredith said, because, like strong men, they know their own desire,

but because they cannot do otherwise. They are slaves to discipline, kept in the narrow way by banks of their own shaping and only in flood time enjoying the occasional frolic of breaking out of bounds. It may be that, even at the end, they never forget the pride of their Highland birth, yet some, like the Ganges and Mississippi, carry to the grave little evidence of noble origin.

We are apt to interpret scenery according to our mood or temperament. For myself, there is, once the river has outlived its giddy youth in the misty hilltops, nothing but sadness in the burden of its song. Many, it is true, read only merriment in the babble of Tennyson's *Brook*:

> And out again I curve and flow
> To join the brimming river,
> For men may come and men may go,
> But I go on for ever.

The brook, a mere feeder of the great stream, has no suspicion of the yawning estuary that guides the river to the open maw of the greedy ocean. The river feels no triumph in its immortality. It is rather, since the ocean that devours it is also its first parent, the symbol of the death and the resurrection. Beneath its surface I glimpse an undercurrent of sadness, a whispered wish that it might linger for a little amid the shaded haunts of coot and hern, instead of being hurried inexorably

to scenes less peaceful. Do we not see all great rivers moderating their pace, spreading themselves lovingly over the land, ere they creep reluctantly down many channels to the sea in whose embrace they must die? Do they not carry muddy memories out into the ocean to remind navigators that they too have known the mountains? Does not their delta mark the hesitation of their doubts in a hundred oozy islands worn and fretted by every spate? Is not their motto, at long last, like that of men who have parted with life's illusions, *Festina lente?*

Such, at any rate, is my impression of a hundred estuaries through which I have watched these mountain waters "toiling to the main." Alas! I am prosy, for the poets are all on the side of Tennyson. Does not Tasso write of

> . . . *la marina, dove 'l Po discende*
> *Per aver pace?*

Did not Swinburne give thanks that

> Even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea?

The perfect rest of Nirvana, in the grave or in the ocean, attracts me, yet, watching the river run to its goal, I cannot help suspecting a sensation of reluctance in its middle reaches, and in the tidal

waters hesitation, standstill, even, in the eddies, reaction.

The taming of the river is the first ambition of the engineer, and, usually with a brutal disregard of their beauty, much has been done to conquer their original sin and train them in the service of man. Some, however, have "played Ercles rarely." The temper of the Colorado, which first sees the light in the same cradle as the Columbia and Missouri, may best be judged by the appalling canyons it has sculptured in its headlong course to the Gulf of California. The Nile was a cruel tyrant of old, but its power, like that of the Dervishes, is broken. Time was when, in turn, idolaters, Jews, Copts, and Moslems hung on its fitful smiles and dreaded frowns. So stupendous a calamity was its failure at the season of the crops that Isaiah held it the most severe punishment that could overtake the Egyptians. Such a river played its natural part in the Plagues: in one, it turned blood-red; in another, it bred a myriad frogs which must, with their eternal croaking, have kept Pharaoh and his court awake all night. Even to-day, for all the chastening work of dam and barrage, a "bad Nile" can still ruin millions of fellahin. It is a wicked river, and it is a witch. Those who have "drunk of its waters," who have drifted in dahabiyeh or felucca in those

orange sunsets that shed strange glamour over the mosques of Cairo, are infected with its magic and haunted by the wraiths of kings and queens and held by those mummy memories that make the Nile, as Hackländer says—

. . . wie gemacht zu den leidenshaftlichen Träumen der Orientalen.

Geographers may ravish the secrets of its birth and set them down in textbooks. Board School pupils may be learned in the mystery of its sources, which baffled explorers from the reign of Nero to that of Victoria. Yet, winding, like some prehistoric reptile, through its papyrus beds, it is still the River of Time, and it gurgles over maps as the puny scratches of mortals of whom it has seen a thousand generations go blindly out into the eternity of which it is the symbol. Small streams, more particularly in alliance with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, can baffle the resources of the engineer as effectually as mighty rivers. Not in all its three thousand miles does the Nile give more trouble than the sinful little Chagres, which runs its whole length within the Isthmus of Panama, a demon that I have seen rise ten feet in as many hours, changing from the sweet peace of

A trolling burn's meander

to liquid madness run riot, cooing one evening like

a dove and roaring next morning like a lion. For months together this fickle water is the neutral ally of the canal-builders; then suddenly shows itself a more implacable foe than even the bed-rock, for, racing over its banks after a night of rain, it will undo in hours the work of weeks. Niagara, for all its giant strength, is harnessed to street cars, but the obscure little Chagres is as impatient of control as the whirlwind.

As has been said, the river is a mighty factor in the story of our race. Before man mastered the secret of authority, the elemental forces of the waterfall were left in peace to weave their lovely fabric of rainbow nothingness, as if a giant passed his time embroidering in silks. Now, however, they are made to work machinery, to light cities far from their banks, to carry citizens to their homes in the suburbs. Long, indeed, before man had tamed the wildest thing in Nature, the river was his frontier, the artery of his commerce, the highway of his civilisation. It sent fish to his table. It helped the oldest and greatest of all industries by gathering the rains of heaven and diffusing them over the fruitful earth. The sea can be our friend, but is for choice our enemy, grinding the shores it guards and taking greedy toll of those who trust it. Even to-day we are sometimes slaves to the caprice of the river, and a

city so great as Paris may be terrorised by its wrath. Yet, save for the rare relapse of floods, it befriends those who dwell upon its banks, and has held its place as the friend of man in poetry and in song, in picture, in sacred lore, and in mythology.

Rivers meander through the Bible, source of all the founts of later poetry. They filter softly through the Psalmist's wonderful song. In their whisper he reads the promise of infinite mercy, and he can find no better analogy for the righteous man than that of a tree planted on a river's bank. The Bible rivers are, indeed, of great historic interest. Not until I had wandered, in the same week, beside the muddy Jordan and along the clear Barada (probably Abana of 2 Kings v. 12), did I realise the sharp sting in the taunt of Naaman, the leper:

> Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?

They are indeed. The Barada is crystal-clear. Diverted by conduits adjoining the orchard suburb of Doumar, it brings pure water to every quarter of the Syrian capital. The "water of Israel" is so unclean, both above Galilee and below Jericho, that it must be boiled by pilgrims who take back precious phials of it to bedridden kinsmen beside the Nile or Volga. A bottle of Jordan water, filled at the scene of the Baptism,

stands upon my writing-table. It was boiled at Jericho, and has been tightly stoppered ever since; yet, even with its black sediment undisturbed, it reeks of hydrogen-sulphide; and it may be that the priests, of old the repository of eastern medical lore, were aware of the curative virtues of sulphur for the skin troubles of such as dipped in the "rushing waters of the bowery Jordan." This river is a curious anomaly. With little history since the far-off days when Israel shook its javelins in the face of the revolted tribesmen on the other bank, it remains the most historic stream in all the world. Shorn of its sacred legend, it is just a treacherous river hurrying to its lifeless goal between banks of sloping mud, and the unsentimental traveller, particularly if he be a fisherman, is likely to find it the most curiously disappointing stream in a hundred thousand miles of wanderings. Yet, for all its drawbacks, most who have beheld it will echo Macgregor's memorable leave-taking:

> Best known of waters in the whole world, you have had no ports for commerce, no cities on your banks, no green meads watered, no traffic on your waves. But the foot of the patriarch has rested there, and the prophet and the prince have dwelt beside you, and battles have sounded loud, and hosts have marched through you dried up by the finger of God.

Rivers roll sonorously in the folk-lore of many lands, and none with more majesty than the

Rivers Running to their Goal

Ganges, the Nile of India, yet rarely capricious and destructive like the Egyptian, but always, in alliance with Jumna, covering the land with silt and keeping open road to the sea from within two hundred miles of its birthplace in the ice caverns of that "House of Frost" which men call Himalaya. In the *Mahabharata* we find this mighty stream springing from the tangled hair of Siva and flowing beneficently over the length and breadth of the land; and to this day orthodox Hindoos, proud in their humiliation, prostrate themselves before the guardian river. There is about this river-worship something so simple and so instinctive as at times to appeal even to those brought up in younger faiths. The Greeks and Romans, with their passion for idealising Nature, worshipped their gods from a more personal standpoint, explaining the ebb and flow of the estuary as the pursuit of wayward nymphs by amorous Neptune, and the alternate autumn fury and summer meekness of mountain streams as a survival of the moment when flaming Vulcan intervened to save Achilles from the fury of Scamander.

All through our greatest poems rivers run their peaceful course. "Sweete Thames" murmurs softly through the *Spousall Verse* of Spenser's *Prothalamium*, while nymphs weave garlands, and swans come swimming along the lea, and brave

knights woo fair ladies. Ruskin's *Golden River* shimmers like a shower of gold, or rolls in black waves like thunderclouds. Tennyson sets his mournful story of the Lady of Shalott to the music of the nameless stream that runs to many-towered Camelot. But of them all, Cowper is, first and last, the poet of rivers, and more particularly of the Huntingdon Ouse, type of the leisurely waters of East Anglia, where hurry is unknown. He loved other rivers. He tells us in *The Task* how, on one occasion, he played truant from school—

> To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;

nor was he blind to the vivacious charm of

> Rivulets whose rapid course
> Defies the check of winter.

Yet, above all the rest, he loved most that east-country stream of his, which—

> . . . Slow-winding through a level plain
> Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
> Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
> Delighted.

The allurement of the river is eternal, and it has the charm of paradox, for, though the same through countless generations, it also changes from one minute to the next. From source to sea, from estuary to headwater, in whichever

direction we pursue our quest, the exploration of *ignota flumina* will ever be a dear delight, whether its object be academic or commercial. Motive apart, the ascent of a great river, hitherto unmapped, is one of the most fascinating prospects for the adventurer, The way down may be the easier, but the surprises are for him who follows the stream to its source, for, as in biography, whereas the boy prepares us for the man, maturity gives no clue to the beginnings.

The river is a creature of light. It dazzles in the sun; it gleams like molten silver in the moonlight. Even with the land in darkness, it seems, like some endless band of luminous paint, to emit a mystic light stored during the day, for it is rare to find absolute darkness on the face of water still or running. Night on a great river is unforgettable. The Tana is thus described in *Allan Quatermain:*—

> The moonbeams played upon the surface of the running water that speeded unceasingly past us towards the sea, like men's lives towards the grave, till it glittered like a wide sheet of silver, that is, in the open where the trees threw no shadows. Near the banks, however, it was very dark, and the night wind sighed sadly in the reeds. . . . Above was the black bosom of the cloud, and beneath me swept the black flood of the water, and I felt as though I and Death were utterly alone between them. It was very desolate.

Behind the Ranges

One of the most startling effects of moonlit water in all the world is that of the Petitcodiac, at Moncton, in New Brunswick, at the moment when the tidal bore of the Bay of Fundy sweeps all before it, a wall of angry silver racing out of the blackness and converting, in a few moments, a thousand acres of uncovered mud to an anchorage that would berth a Dreadnought. This mighty tide makes yet stranger magic in the St. John River, the estuarial tumble of which, as I have seen it from the bridge, falls uphill. At Windsor, too, in the Land of Evangeline, I have seen a wide harbour covered with a merchant fleet of busy shipping where, an hour before, was ooze, with waders seeking their food. Thus rapidly are these rivers transformed at the bidding of this maddened inlet of the Atlantic penned between the narrowing walls of its prison.

It is less the whole length of a river which impresses than so much of it as the eye can see. There is more sensation in the thirty-six miles of raging river that run from the chrysolite turmoil of Niagara Falls than in all the sluggish trail of the Mississippi. The temperament of the beholder has also to be considered. Lord Kelvin, contemplating Niagara, sighed over the waste of millions of horse-power. Mr. Wells declared that a hundred tons of water falling in the same

fashion would stagger the eye as much as ten millions. To the geologist this overflow of half the fresh water on the globe stands for the grandest illustration of erosion by river power in all Nature. As one sits beside the Falls, the ear is stunned by the music of their roar, the eye is dazzled by the glint of crossing rainbows, the senses are invaded by a mood of helpless wonder, which will live as one of the tremendous memories of travel. This spectacle of millions of tons of falling water dimly suggests the dreadful day in the Vision, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven opened. There is, no doubt, outrage in the harnessing of Niagara, yet it was inevitable that a utilitarian age should give mechanical value to its tremendous forces. The everyday imagination may reel from the audacity with which Mr. Tesla claimed that, with Niagara's help, he would yet send a wireless message a hundred million miles to Mars, but those who have beheld the Falls will believe that, with their co-operation, anything may be possible.

How different is the spirit of the Mississippi! For three thousand miles it winds about the steaming savannahs, amid tangles of maize and pumpkin and past the shacks of negroes, like some gigantic anaconda strayed from its native confines, basking lethargic within its levées, unless goaded

to fury by the overflow of the snows that melt around its cradle. The marriage between Mississippi and Missouri is the sequel to a long engagement, since for many miles the two run side by side, the purer stream showing strange reluctance to mingle with its muddy neighbour. The greater Missouri is like a well-dowered wife, for, though she may change her name, she keeps her turgid influence to the end, and none who know the muddy river which runs through the bayous to the jetty on the Gulf would suspect its nativity in the limpid creeks above Bemidji. Another union of seemingly incongruous partners is that of the Rhone and Saône below Lyons, on which Gray has an ingenious passage:—

> . . . The lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy . . . the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and, with all her soft airs, she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below.

Until the coming of the railroad, the Mississippi was the highway of commerce, its "kickups" bringing down the grain and cotton of Louisiana to the quays of New Orleans. Even before the age of steamers, there were smaller boats, and, rather than pull these two thousand miles back to

Pittsburg, their owners used to break them up and sell the timber, returning overland with the profits of their venture. America is the home of quick changes, and the little boats are avenged now, for the stern-wheelers that ousted them are themselves as obsolete as those on the Ganges above Calcutta.

The cult of bridges is an instinct. The old Greeks were no builders of bridges, but trusted to ford and ferry. It was left to the genius of Rome to construct such bridges as that of Trajan over the Danube, or the more enduring edifice with which he spanned the Tagus at Alcantara, while many a stone bridge of Roman handiwork may be seen in the Rhone country, round Avignon and Nîmes. Some folk never lose a chance of loitering on a bridge; others never take one. Most who love the river love its bridges also, whether, as at Barmouth or Berwick, they span the broad flood in sight of the sea; or, as at London or Brooklyn, command majestic views of anchored liners; or, as at Clifton or Queensferry, hang at a giddy height; or, like the toy bridges over Dartmoor streams, join low banks scarce farther apart than the measure of John Ridd's stride. Many are historic, and the old bridge at Berwick, in its day the longest in the realm, which now fears no enemy worse than the Tweed in flood, was so often wrecked in

border forays that, in the reign of the third Edward, a special toll was authorised towards the cost of its repair. The spell of the bridge lies in the curious contrast between its immobility and the hurry of the water beneath its arches.

Not every river is characteristic of the land it flows through, but many are so. The Thames stands for the spirit of England; the Tweed for Scotland; the Rhine for Germany; the St. Lawrence for Canada; the Hudson for the American Union. Other English rivers are as lovely as the Thames. There are the Severn and Wye, twin offspring of Plinlimmon. There are the limpid chalk-streams of Wilts and Hampshire, peculiarly English, since they are scarce anywhere and mostly found in this country. Owing to their filtration through chalky uplands, these streams unite the clearness of an alpine brook with the sluggish pace of rivers gliding in the plains, for which combination they are beloved of the dry-fly fisherman. There is the Bristol Avon, at one stage a river of quiet beauty, though in its lower reaches an artery of commerce. There is its namesake, which, flowing past Salisbury and near Stonehenge, mates, below Christchurch Minster, with the Stour. Though the two have their beginnings in one shire and end together in another, they part early in life and drain widely

different scenes, preserving such individuality of character as makes them attractive to various groups of fish, the Avon, a chalk-stream, being associated with trout and salmon, its muddier ally with pike and coarse fish. Last, there is the Kentish Stour, the most religious stream in England, on the banks of which stands Canterbury Cathedral, close to the spot where Augustine landed in this island thirteen centuries ago.

Not these, however, but the Thames, enduring and unchanging, stands for England and things English. Below London it is international, but above bridges it is wholly English, and its village church towers look down on the same water-meadows, dotted with lazy cattle that live their unprogressive life to-day as they did in Saxon times. The scene, but for a passing train or motor-car, has barely changed since the morning on which their bells first pealed across the river. Mr. Belloc and other admirers have been profoundly impressed by this immutability. The Thames bounds counties. It has played its quiet part in English history, but has had no story since, in the Great Rebellion, Reading opened its gates to Essex. Norman William built Windsor Castle on its banks as warden of the capital, and on its banks also John gave his revolted barons the grandest charter of a nation's freedom ever

engrossed on parchment. This historic quality of the Thames is irresistible. As Mr. Wells says in one of his books—

> To run down the Thames is to run over the pages in the book of England from end to end.

It may perhaps lack the romance of the Seine. It has no Caudebec and no Rouen. Windsor, Oxford, London are its monuments. Even the old monkish foundations are no more, though in olden times they lent character to many of our rivers, which furnished fish for the fasts of the Church.

The Thames is no longer a salmon river, and failure has overtaken Lord Desborough's public-spirited effort to restore it to its former glory. Well I remember that first day when the salmon-smolts were turned into the river at Teddington, and, with high hopes, we watched them swim away, but nothing more was ever heard of them.

As a typical salmon river we may take the Tweed—

> Wan water from the Border Hills—

yet a border stream for only fifteen miles of its wayward course, and for the rest typically Scotch. Its dual nationality, which recalls red feuds between savage Picts and Britons no less barbarous, is easily realised by anyone who rises a salmon in

Rivers Running to their Goal

England, in sight it may be of Norham's ruin, and gaffs it in Scotland. Once a famous spring river, the Tweed has fallen to the grade of a "back-end" water, a decline for which artificial causes are wholly responsible, such as poaching, over-netting, and excessive farming in the surrounding country, which has the effect of drawing off the water and stemming the floods that once helped the spring fish in their ascent. No east-flowing stream of Scotland could have changed to an autumn river from natural causes, and man alone is to blame.

In rivers, as in men, genius is only another form of patience, and the keynote of the river's being is eternity of purpose. Though there were not always men upon their banks, the imagination refuses to picture the Nile or Ganges without a teeming riverine population. Such prehistoric loneliness is conceivable only in the New World. Even though the lower reaches of the Hudson and Columbia rivers be disfigured in our time by hammer-shaken shipyards and screeching sawmills, it is just possible to look back to the peaceful epoch when only Red Men wandered on their banks.

No sacred memories, like those of Nile or Jordan, hallow these great American streams. They flow out of the misty past and hurry into the busy future. With traditions of its

Florentine discoverer, its Dutch sponsor, and the romancer of Knickerbocker days who made it known to all the world, no river is more truly national than the Hudson. Washington Irving, who, after roaming over Europe, went back to die in his summer home on the bank of his favourite river, gave it immortality by peopling its creeks with folk as legendary as his fabled hero of the Catskills. The Hudson is out of sympathy with the era of sky-scrapers and overhead railroads. Its heart is in the old times, when stolid Mynheers smoked their long pipes on the stoeps of New Amsterdam, shivering over stories of the spectre ships on Tappan Zee, and watching wild duck pitch on their nests in creeks where to-day transatlantic liners moor alongside busy quays. Those grim old Dutchmen may have led colourless lives, yet their story is not wanting in a sober beauty that has long fled from a city divided between the Four Hundred and the Bowery, that strange cluster of slums and thieves' kitchens which covers the vanished garden of phlegmatic Stuyvesant. The sweet peace of the Hudson is no more. Its waters, that once mirrored Irving's sloop, are now churned by stern-wheelers and side-wheelers, successors to Fulton's *Clermont*. Below Troy its homely beauty is ended, and it suggests rather a commercial inlet of the ocean. Yet the same might, no doubt,

be said of the estuaries of other rivers, and the Thames below Tilbury no more reflects the rural scenery of the Cotswolds than does the Hudson at New York the wild glory of the Adirondacks.

In one respect, at any rate, the storied Hudson fails of response to the dominant mood of the great nation that has grown up on its banks. It counts for nothing in the exploration of the West, for it is a south-flowing stream, and the path of the pioneers was towards the sunset. Therefore the Hudson did not point the way to new conquests, and the *voyageur*, the trapper, and the gold-seeker trusted themselves more hopefully to the broad Columbia, first traced from its tender rills in the Divide by the historic Lewis and Clarke expedition, which came at length to the Pacific, thereby reversing the usual order of discovery, since most of America's great rivers were explored from mouth to source. The Hudson, then, may stand for the old order that is passing, but it is the Columbia which is the river of progress, pointing the way to the new America of the Pacific Slope. The same spirit of adventure that led these pioneers westward down the Columbia had already beckoned others up the St. Lawrence, a waterway so vast that, as they passed the bluff where now stands Quebec and came to the narrows of the Thousand Islands, they may well have

credited the Indian story of a "river without end," which penetrated into the heart of that happy land "where the lakes are sometimes blue, and the loons cry often."

The rivers of Continental Europe make up in historic interest what they lack in size. The Danube, the one great stream flowing eastward, sunders an amazing variety of races. The Rhone, in its beautiful course from the glaciers of the Oberland to the tideless Mediterranean, is no longer, as of yore, a frontier, but its history is varied, and it races past Arles and Avignon laden with eternal memories of Roman amphitheatres, of exiled popes, and of the unrequited passion of Petrarch for a mistress as cold as its glaciers.

The "brimm'd unwrinkled Rhine" has played a more prominent part in modern history than any other stream in all the world. Victor Hugo has, in a characteristic passage, caught the curious contrast between the lands in which it begins and ends :—

. . . C'est un noble fleuve, féodal, républicain, impérial, digne d'être à la fois français et allemand. . . . Dans sa pente, dans son cours, dans les milieux qu'il traverse, il est, pour ainsi dire, l'image de la civilisation, qu'il a déjà tant servie et qu'il servira tant encore. Il descend de Constance à Rotterdam, du pays des aigles à la ville des harengs, de la cité des Papes, des conciles et des empereurs, au comptoir des marchands et des bourgeois, des Alpes à l'Océan, comme

l'humanité elle-même est déscendue des idées hautes, immuables, inaccessibles, sereines, resplendissantes, aux idées larges, mobiles, orageuses, sombres, utiles, navigables, dangereuses, insondables, qui se chargent de tout, qui portent tout, qui fécondent tout, qui engloutissent tout ; de la théocratie à la diplomatie, d'une grande chose à une autre grande chose.

This castled Rhine has a beauty that haunts all who have beheld it. There may, to the jaded eye of the tourist, be some faint suggestion of stage scenery about the villages which climb the steep sides of its leafy banks, or even about the "chiefless castles" perched upon its guardian crags. Yet this is as much an illusion as that which possessed the old lady who liked *Hamlet* because of its quotations. Born of the granite heights that bred the pioneers of European liberty, the Rhine illustrates, between the creaming falls of Schaffhausen and the creeping mud at Utrecht, every phase of river character. Not all the smoke that pours from the funnels of its steamers can obscure its beauty or vulgarise its legend, and he who lives in dreams may still catch glimpses of the Lorelei combing her luxuriant tresses and singing weak men to their doom, or may recall the Legions of Cæsar or the Old Guard of Napoleon fording its shallows to make and unmake history. To this extent the Rhine was long the curse of Europe, for it had irresistible attraction for France, who

poured her legions across the river, sending them to victory or disaster, from the glorious age of the Grand Monarque down to the fiasco of the Second Empire.

Transformed, then, in turn by man, the River helps to make his history. From the ages that have left no record to the period of civilisation, its part in the story of the nations has been a strong one. It may roll in tremendous silence, like the Wye, or, like the Usk, it may go crooning over shallows loved of the wading angler. Carving and moulding the face of the earth, it has brought life to field and orchard, has stood for the disputed frontier between hostile tribes, has been at once a line of communications and a baffling obstacle. It is not, therefore, surprising that, loved, hated, or feared, the River should have been worshipped in early times. To-day, the engineer has robbed it of its terrors. In olden time it seemed to the simpler folk the boundary of life. They passed over a ferry into Eternity.

"Good horses make short miles."

Sunshine and Shadow of Travel

WILL any other writer ever tell a story of travel quite equal to Kinglake's *Eothen?* Mr. Hogarth's *Wandering Scholar in the Levant* keeps it company on my own shelves, and then, with nothing else of *Wanderschaft* of like calibre, Lamb and De Quincey complete the line. Sterne is too superficial, Young too agricultural, Heine too bitter, Johnson too grandiose. *Eothen* is simple fun throughout, a fund of scholarly exuberance, a rare book indeed, and one which may wait long for its peer.

Yet there is, even in this paragon of a work, a passage on the motives of travel which cannot pass unchallenged. It is a familiar one, but will bear quoting:—

> If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society—a time for not liking tamed people—a time for not sitting in pews—a time for impugning the foregone opinions of men and haughtily

dividing truth from falsehood—a time, in short, for questioning, scoffing, and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera and all our most cherished institutions.

And then he proceeds to trace to this discontent with the conventions the passion for getting away from "that dear middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governess, Europe." Yet, with all respect to the memory of Kinglake, which I hold in reverence, I cannot share this his view of the travel craze, any more than I would ascribe it, after the fashion of lady-novelists, to reaction from the society of the fair one who has jilted her suitor, sending him off to the Rocky Mountains or to the African jungle to shoot big game. These fond authoresses apparently regard the passion for *shikar* as nothing but a heart-cure in acute cases of this disorder. It is, however, a little more than this; and so, I venture to think, the love of "looking behind the ranges" is a little more than rebellion against the routine of streets and squares.

The traveller, like the poet, is born, not made. His fondness for the open road may grow with opportunity, but it is bone of his bone. He is a Beloved Vagabond, who, like Stevenson, carries sunshine in his heart. Forbidden to roam, he is as a bird fretting behind the bars. Yet restraint is difficult, for this passion, like another, laughs at

locksmiths, and in him burns the fire which carried Coryat on foot from Joppa to Jerusalem and thence to far Lahore, or which, in the eighteen-twenties, inspired Cochrane to tramp across Siberia to the confines of Cathay.

Englishmen who mope after the days when Palmerston was Consul vow that we no longer breed these men of iron; but, in truth, the difference lies less in the men than in the circumstances. Compared with the luxury of a Pullman or Cunarder, the princely appointments of Ser Marco Polo, emperor of commercial travellers, read like barely decent comfort; and the ease with which the globe-trotter of to-day may make "a home from home" on mail-boats or express trains is perhaps against the frequent production of men like Macgregor, who shot the muddy rapids of the treacherous Jordan in his frail Rob Roy, or like Burnaby, who cheerfully traversed leagues of snow-bound steppes in his three-horsed troika. To some extent, no doubt, opportunity has spoilt the man. Could Coryat have found a train, with steam up, between the orange port and the Holy City, he would never have tramped along the stony road that skirts the gloomy vale in which David slew Goliath. With the alternative of a free pass on the Trans-Siberian, no one can suppose that Cochrane would have blundered

on foot through Asia. The gospel of hurry is responsible for the further demoralisation of the race. Most of us are slaves of time. We know that a walking tour extending over two or three years would give us a more abiding portrait of the face of Europe than the blurred snapshots imprinted on the brain through the windows of a train, with an endless panorama as swift as the passage of the film across the screen of a cinematograph. Yet most men have to choose between the lightning impression or nothing. On the other hand, even apart from the needs of the case, there is, without doubt, a large and increasing class of tourists to whom the romantic rough-and-tumble of travel, with its accompanying danger and discomfort, is nothing short of anathema. These honest citizens will talk so enthusiastically of the beauty of tramping with a wallet as almost to deceive themselves, but they go their ways by Pullman, with a vanload of luggage. Throughout their travels they grumble lustily at the cooking on train and steamer, yet, to hear them on their return home, one would imagine that they preferred a snack of *kous-kous* in the tent of an Arab Sheikh to a ten-course dinner at Sherry's or the Savoy. They do not. What they really like, best of all, is to live on the best and affect regret of the simple life.

Sunshine and Shadow

Although a measure of hurry is, in the stress of modern conditions, inevitable, there can be no need to aggravate the evil by attempting too much in the time. A distinction should, in fact, be drawn between travel and tripping, There are Cambridge undergraduates who go round the world in a long vacation. There are Yale men who "do" half a dozen European countries in a month. This is behaving like a wireless telegram, not like a traveller. It is but vulgar amusement, all said and done, to rush through Flemish churches or Italian art galleries like a cloud-burst, one eye on Baedeker and the other on the walls. I have no sneer for guide-books. If bad masters, they are good servants, and the old gentleman in *Guy Livingstone*, who came to an untimely end through hating the very name of Murray, met with only the fate that he deserved. Guide-books are not gospel, all the same, and he sometimes learns most who leaves them in his hotel, going forth to see a strange city in the light of such intelligence as is his and then seeking explanations from the guide-book on his return.

To look for any reaction against this modern fetish of speed is to hope against hope. There are few who would not choose to go up like rockets in a blaze of light, even if they must come down

in darkness like the sticks. Steam and petrol are fast driving the horse into the museum, until it will ere long survive only in the hunting field. The old joy of the road is dead. In days when the race was not always to the swift, Englishmen could afford to enjoy the amenities of the stage-coach. Once, however, they were assured that the railway train was faster and no more dangerous, it was good-bye to the coach, now only the costly hobby of a few amateurs who loyally preserve the traditions of the past. If, at first, the road held its own, it was only because the railroad seemed wanton tempting of Providence. The terror of speed obscured the casualties of the coach, though it was but two years before the opening of the first line between Manchester and Liverpool that a Manchester coach had clipped the corner and overturned, causing the death of the driver and one of the passengers, with severe injuries to several more. To all intents and purposes, the coach is gone. Mr. Vanderbilt may afford to amuse himself by driving to and fro over the historic Brighton road, but the pastime finds few devotees, and the rising generation, with its biplanes and its motor-cycles, has utterly outgrown these peaceful memories of a slower age. It grows impatient of the praise bestowed by Irving and De Quincey on the stage-coach, or

of the adventures of Sterne in his *désobligeant*. It looks with a cold eye on the warm prints of early-Victorian Christmas jollity, in which red-faced coachmen take their glass of steaming punch from the hands of dimpled serving-wenches at the door of the posting-house.

Yet, such is the inexorable cycle of history, we have come back to the road, to the creation of Telford and Macadam, and with modes of traction which demand greater perfection of surface than the old-time coach. Much of the sunshine and shadow of travel is comprised in the good and bad of roads. God made rivers, and man made roads, and there is, I think, no other contrast in all the traveller's experience that so plainly sets the limitations of human endeavour. It is true that not all rivers are of service to man. It may be also that not all were intended for that purpose. Some are wholly and irremediably intractable; others are the better for dam or barrage, for lock or levée, for sluice or dredger; all of them are kind only to such as travel their way, putting all manner of obstacles in front of those who go in the opposite direction. Yet in a land like Canada the waterways are far superior to the roads. Moving roads in summer, frozen tracks in winter, they are serviceable all the year, affording thousands of miles of comfortable travel at the lowest rates.

Behind the Ranges

The roads which pioneers of the Dominion have bravely cut through the bush are of such crude quality that the hungry horses and springless carts soon succumb to the penitential progress alone possible under such primeval conditions. Seamed with cross-drains, scored with ruts, and barred by fallen trees, these paths of thorns are woeful work. The finest roads of my travels were those of France and Jamaica; the meanest, those of Asiatic Turkey. Something, however, depends on the point of view. There is this to be said for the tortuous lanes of England that, in addition to their greater picturesqueness, they certainly discourage "scorching," a temptation which motorists find irresistible on the long, straight *chausées* of Continental countries, where the only deterrent is the danger of frequent level crossings. But the roads of Asia Minor out-distance in vileness all others of my acquaintance. Even Roman roads—and many of them date back to the Eastern Empire—were not proof against Tartar notions of upkeep, and even the public works projected by recent Sultans have been allowed to fall into irrevocable decay. Thus I have seen grass growing over the highway constructed in the seventeenth century by Murad IV from Stamboul to Bagdad, and that within a hundred miles of the capital, at Sabanja. As for the roads of Con-

stantinople itself, even in the "European" quarter, they are in many places like unto the wheel tracks across the plain of Jericho.

The significance of a road depends on the requirements of the nation which owns it. In civilised lands it is expected to satisfy even the fastidious motorist, but in the Colonial bush the merest tracing of ruts serves to guide the vagrant on his way to the nearest settlement. Where the majority ride, as in Australia and the western section of Canada, poverty of surface matters little, since four feet are, in this respect, little more exacting than two; but in Cape Breton and elsewhere in the Lower Provinces, where saddle-horses are few and far between, the roads are a penance for all who go on wheels. In the African desert, where the flat-footed camel can shamble on day and night without a halt, so long as the ground be dry enough, the merest *trek* trodden in the impressionable sand by centuries of caravans is enough to show the grateful wanderer to his goal by way of wells and oases and wide of the haunts of Bedawin. I have ridden for a week along a so-called *trek* among the foothills of the Atlas, and it was no more than a double line of camel spoor, bordered by the maimed stumps of prickly-pear which the brutes had snatched at in passing to the full length of

their snakelike necks. Wheeled vehicles are virtually unknown in the desert regions of earth, and those who insist on using them must pay the price, as the American tourists pay it who drive in battered cabs from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea. Even the wan hirelings of Jerusalem job-masters are less painful than these ancient tumbrils.

Yet any condemnation of the worst roads on earth seems difficult when we remember that Lecky, writing of England in the eighteenth century, quotes the *Annual Register* of 1761 on the cumbrous journeys of town folk into the country, with perhaps a whole village and its teams requisitioned to drag a family coach out of the mud. Even down to the end of the century, after the introduction of turnpikes, it was often found necessary to harness oxen to the carriages, since on roads of such calibre horses were useless. Arthur Young alludes to ruts four feet deep on the road between Wigan and Preston, and he warns travellers to keep away from the Newcastle district, since the roads "would either dislocate their bones with broken pavements or bury them in muddy sand." North of the coal port, matters were even worse, for he declares that travellers should as lief drive into the ocean at once!

Roads of some kind must have been in existence even before Roman times, for the caravan

trek of the desert is but the human equivalent of the game-trails made by all wild animals, from rabbits to mountain-sheep, in their endless journeys in search of food and drink. The road, in short, is the oldest of human inventions, the oldest and the newest. It came before building. It is as necessary to-day as it was in Bible times.

As has already been said, the traveller is born and not made. His quiet eye should gather in its harvest without conscious effort. It should be left to the tripper to stalk the lions of travel. Let him overlook the infinitesimally small things which are in reality infinitely great. Let him, if he so please, despise the spire of Salisbury, merely because he has looked on that of Ulm. Such counting-house estimate of merit is not for the traveller worthy of the name.

It is undeniable that the sights men travel far to see suffer somewhat from the cheap familiarity of the picture postcard. Yet, in spite of these vulgar reproductions, there is still majesty in the roar of Niagara, balm in the virgin whiteness of the Taj, repose in the silent endurance of the Sphinx, repose with a little mockery; and religious mystery in the dim interior of San Sophia, when ten thousand Moslems prostrate themselves as one on their praying-carpets. It is good to see these things. It may be even better to recall

them. Yet, for his own comfort, and also for that of his friends, let the traveller always bear in mind that he is not a camera and not a gramophone. His one end and aim should not be to stock fresh records. Just as catching fish is not all of fishing, so the big things are not all of life, or even of travel. There are sermons in stones, and there is music in running brooks. Nor is the distance travelled any gauge of interest in itself. Borrow found as rare a beauty on the homely banks of Tweed as did Mr. Howells in the turquoise radiance of Capri's grotto. It is not so much what we see as how we see it. What Ruskin said of the mountains, Emerson applied to scenery in general; the difference lies in the beholder rather than in the landscape itself.

Many motives have been sought by way of explaining the *Wanderlust*. I have already declined to accept one favoured by Kinglake, or another in vogue among lady-novelists and hinted at, with reference to a humbler walk of life, in Mr. Chevalier's popular song, "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins." Pooh! I would as soon include among these motives of travel the personal fact of being wanted by the police in connection with murder, no doubt a sufficient and stimulating inspiration to emigrate, but one of which I have too little experience to write at first hand. Is it quite

certain that there should be any conscious motive at all? Or, even if such exist, is a journey necessarily a failure because the object with which it was undertaken is not realised? I have during the past few years travelled between forty and fifty thousand miles, out and back, to catch a tunny. I have not caught that tunny yet, but I hold the time well spent. The lodestar of travel is the goal that lies behind the next mountain. The true pilgrim plods happy, if a little weary, in its beckoning trail, loving the way for its own sake, and often losing sight of the object in the joy of striving for it. Travel is akin to sport. The joy of a long stalk is not measured by the inches of the trophy; the delight of fishing is not weighed by the ounces of a trout.

Well, then, this object of travel, since I may no longer shirk it! Byron called it pleasure; Bacon self-improvement. Sterne held that those who travel without compulsion to do so must be the victims of mental infirmity. One man leaves his home for a higher wage, another for a kinder climate or the cure of healing springs. Rest, change of scene, sport, gold, exploration and missionary enterprise are powerful incentives. Freeman would have walked across Europe to see a cathedral. Selous has lately gone back to Africa for an eland. Buck Whalley journeyed to

Jerusalem for a wager. Others went to the Holy Places to expiate their sins. Frotmonde, Foulke of Anjou, Robert II of Normandy, anyone and everyone who had poisoned his brother or otherwise outraged the easy conventions of those days, purged himself by pilgrimage. Even were it only as far as Canterbury, a pilgrimage was a wonderful excuse for an *exeat*. All said and done, it is, surely the "ringing grooves of change" that call loudest. Those of us who cannot resist the call were considered by Ruskin to be weak-minded and hard-hearted. Well, we manage to survive his wrath. The garden of our wayward hearts is planted with the flowers that bloom and wilt with the changing seasons. It has no plot for the tedious, immutable blossom of the amaranth.

In those whose climate is "foggy, raw, and dull," and has, in fact, been so from the days when the Romans realised that when the weather was fine in Britain it was also foggy, quest of a better winter climate is a favourite inspiration of foreign travel. The climate of these islands is regarded by many of the natives as something to be proud of. There are, as we know, families that cherish an immense nose or a hatchet-shaped face as their special badge, and it is presumably on this principle that the English climate (to say nothing of the Scotch!) is fondly regarded as the

secret of Britain's world-power. There is, as a matter of fact, more than a half-truth in the claim. Not only has battling with its hardships educated the race to dominate others reared under conditions more gentle, but disgust with its vagaries has sent men forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, carrying trade and the flag to the equatorial jungle and to the polar ice, taking the risk of frostbite, facing the dread of fever, welcoming the winters of Ontario or the summers of Sierra Leone, rather than spend their lives amid Scotch mists or London fogs. Were the climate of Britain as kind as that of the south of France, there would be far less red on the map of the world.

Modern hygiene has, moreover, gone a great way towards making extremes of climate habitable for men of the temperate zone. A comparative success may be made of the tropical life with the aid of woollen clothing and mosquito-screens, moderation in alcohol, simple food and temperate habits generally. Certain climates are peculiarly favourable for different patients: the dry aseptic air of the desert, the soft breezes of a sea voyage, or the tonic draughts of the mountains. It is not for change in the weather that we leave England, for the weather of these islands changes from day to day, usually from bad to worse. It is a spoil-sport all the year. The frost stops hunting. The

thaw puts an end to skating. The rain hinders cricket. The drought ruins fishing. No two days are ever alike. Like Washington Irving in the stage-coach, we are always changing, only to get bruised in another place. The best is transient, and the worst is very bad indeed. The winters make us sigh for Cairo, the spring for California, the summer for the Bosphorus, the autumn for Ceylon. On the other hand, thankful for small mercies, we are spared extremes. Christmas does not find us roasting, as in Brisbane, or frozen, as in Winnipeg. We are not flooded out every October, as in some parts of Ceylon, nor in August are we choked with dust as we might be in Tiflis. No climate is perfection, and it is difficult to do neither more nor less than justice to those memories. Retrospect ignores alike the drawbacks of the best and the compensations of the worst. It runs to extremes, and this is why reminiscence is incompatible with that spirit of compromise which is the only satisfactory basis on which to judge any climate. It needs an effort to recall the sweltering nights of Florida in May, the treacherous winds of Australia in June, the deceptive evenings of San Francisco in July, the refreshing breeze on the hill, the summit of the funicular railway, that overlooks Tiflis, in August, the blinding dust of Constantinople in September,

The ideal climate is, indeed, a question of altitude rather than of latitude. The traveller may leave the plains of Morocco in June, shimmering under a sun that all but blisters the feet of camels, and, by climbing no more than five thousand feet into the Atlas, he may, in two days' time, find himself in a climate which recalls the Scotch Highlands at midsummer. I have gone on a September afternoon through the streets of Batavia, when everything was unbearable, the miasma from the canals covering the scene like a wet blanket. Then I took the train for Buitenzoorg, and that evening I sat in the Botanic Gardens, a thousand feet above the Indian Ocean, in a climate that was nothing short of heavenly. The port of Funchal is disagreeably hot in summer time, but there is coolness and comfort in the hills, and one of the sturdy little ponies of the island will plunge the traveller within the hour in a bath of mist. Kingston sweats for eight months of the year and rarely keeps a dry face, but in the Moneague district, only a few hours by train, the tourist might fancy himself in Switzerland.

Those whose desire is for the Sunset Lands should spend their winter in the West Indies, their spring in Florida or California, their summer in Canada. The breezes of Barbados are most bracing than the languor of Trinidad, but more

lovable of all are the fresh spring mornings and starry nights of Jamaica. The first three months of the year are perfect in Florida, a dreamland in which no frost blights the orange blossom, and where the mocking-birds sing in tangled thickets bordering backwaters of the Gulf. Americans who throng the fashionable centres during winter return north with the swallows, but the tarpon-fisher must stay until the end of May, and then the mosquitoes bid him also begone.

California is glorious all the summer, though the June evenings are apt to be treacherous, and in San Francisco, the home of the winds, I have been glad of a heavy overcoat an hour after sunset. Canada enjoys admirable weather through most of the summer, and the only lands in which I enjoyed longer respite from wet days were Australia, where my diary reminds me of nine winter weeks (from March to May) without a single one, and Turkey, where I saw but five showers between March and August. Sunshine is the hall-mark of Australian weather, and the prowess of the Commonwealth cricketers is less surprising when we remember that, unlike our own, they can play the game all through the year. Only in parts of Queensland is the annual rainfall considerable; elsewhere, indeed, drought is the bane of progress and development.

Sunshine and Shadow

Palestine is at its best at Easter, which is well for the pilgrims who, at that season, journey from the Nile and the Volga to dip in the more healing waters of the Jordan. The days and nights are warm, yet never oppressive, though after the end of May the Holy Land, like Egypt, is too hot for temperate tastes, and it is then that the last of the tourists desert Cairo, the most debonair winter resort in all the world. Constantinople is pleasant for at least another month, and when the Young Turks have regilded their Crescent to some purpose, I prophesy that English folk will make it the fashion to return from Cairo by way of Constantinople, spending a week or two on the Bosphorus while the northern air is being warmed for their home-coming. This salt-water river, its banks hung with veritable Turkish carpets of wild flowers, is a fairyland worth travelling far to see.

Untravelled folk form strange ideas of the climates unknown to them. No one, I imagine, would choose Toronto for the winter, or Tiflis as a summer resort. Yet a curious superstition still credits the Riviera with unvarying warmth throughout the winter, and there are people who, misled perhaps by its latitude, believe that Constantinople enjoys even milder conditions during the short days. Yet I remember shivering in

Nice during March, and I have known six weeks of heavy snowfall in the Turkish capital at the turn of the year.

Mention has been made of the simple precautions that should enable the tourist to enjoy a brief excursion to the tropics with impunity. These may be gathered from the entertaining travel books of Sir Frederick Treves. It is rumoured that even the polar regions may, in the near future, acquire a vogue as holiday resorts, but of such chill joys I know, and wish to know, nothing. The tropics, however, I do know a little about, and they have no terrors for me so long as I take with me quinine, absorbent underwear, protective helmets, and a temperament that shuns excess. Indeed, the bird-of-passage runs, curiously enough, less risk from those two fell tropical ailments, malaria and dysentery, than the resident. This may seem to defy the ordinary rules of acclimatisation, but it is none the less a fact, though the visitor should not on this account relax his precautions. He should bear in mind the lurking menace of five enemies—sun, chill, mosquitoes, bad water, and excess of alcohol. If he can but steer clear of the shoals, he may sail a smooth and uneventful course through the tropics. If I am asked whether total abstinence be necessary, I must answer that this is for each

to decide for himself, with reference to his normal habits at home. If, in England, he does without wine or spirits, why indulge in either in the tropics? If, on the other hand, a moderate drinker under temperate conditions of climate, let him by all means continue to enjoy the same judicious allowance under the sun.

Change is, as has been said, the keynote of our weather. So far as England is concerned, the so-called Seasons are a myth for poets, since we may shiver in August and stifle in December. In a land like India, on the contrary, the traveller encounters well-marked phases: hot weather, rains, and cold weather. It will rain day after day, or no rain may fall for weeks together. For the resident, such ordering of the daily conditions may spell monotony, but to the cold-weather visitor it is delightful. In an Australian winter, a picnic may safely be planned for weeks in advance, a convenience which those accustomed only to the vagaries of weather at home will barely conceive possible.

The comfort of hotels plays an important part in the sunshine of tourist travel, and the wanderer soon associates various hostelries with characteristic features, remembering the Château Frontenac, at Quebec, for its view; the Hôtel de la Cloche, at Dijon, for its table; the Adlon, at Berlin, for its

luxury; the Lincoln, at Seattle, for its roof-garden. Some inns are historic, with even a traditional royal bedroom, while others are haunted. Some feed their patrons all too well; others starve them. Some provide clean beds, with sheets pressed in lavender; others have them, as Pepys and his lady friends found in the inn at Stonehenge, lousy, though not everyone will share the diarist's philosophy and make merry over the discovery. Of some, mine host is, as Chaucer has it, "right a merry man"; of others, the manageress recalls Swift's advice to the landlord of the "Three Crosses":

> There hang three crosses at thy door.
> Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four!

Getting luggage through the Customs is among the shadows on the traveller's carpet. As a rule, honesty is the best policy, and I would particularly counsel it in America, where the officials, though less severe with visitors than with their own countrymen, easily get "mad" if any attempt is made to hoodwink them. The same applies to the Canadians, and I only once took a rise out of one of these gentlemen, under great provocation, for when he insisted on inspecting my cabin for more fishing rods than I had declared, I persuaded him, while I was displaying my belongings, to hold a heavy overcoat for me, in the

pockets of which were a couple of pounds of smuggled tobacco. As he had to stand out in the gangway, it was obvious that I had no dutiable stuff inside the cabin!

From what has been said, it will at once be realised that travel is not all sunshine. By being made easier every year, it is inevitably a little vulgarised. The liner and the railroad have all but killed the Grand Tour, for the speed of modern travel hides all detail of the route. Gray and Walpole in their postchaise and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her *voiture* learnt more of French roads in a week than would be revealed to the modern railway traveller in a lifetime. There are still, however, a few sacred spots not as yet overrun by Cockayne: gilded snow-tops of the Himalaya, hanging jungles in the heart of Java, silent creeks of sunny Florida, and Australian waterholes, haunts of the Bunyip. The rest of earth is common property. Peaks on which the daring pioneers of the Alpine Clubs won their hard-earned laurels are trampled to-day by the trippers of two hemispheres, who wave their country's flag over dark gorges once sacred to the golden eagle. The day will come when week-end tourists will lean over the taffrail of a public airship and pluck the shrinking *Edelweiss* from its native crannies in the Alps. Will the hardy

mountaineer still risk life and limb in face of such competition? Great strides are being made in this desecration of the High Places, welcome to the canny Swiss as the basis of their *Fremden-Industrie.* Soon, too, the prying submarine may lay bare every secret of the underworld of waters, with the cold mysteries of which the genius of Jules Verne held a simpler generation spellbound.

Even for the enthusiast, all travel has its dark moments, but the confirmed wanderer takes the rough with the smooth. Few who have penetrated to the wild places of earth can ever lose the memory of black hours of loneliness in which they of a sudden realised that they had knowingly put the grey seas between themselves and all and sundry who cared a jot for their sufferings. Such passing moods of depression, often resulting from bad health, are aggravated by any untoward incident—a fall from horseback, a mutinous servant, the loss of a boat, the collapse of a tent; in short, any of the thousand and one mischances of travel off the beaten track. Trifles they might be at home, but in a tropical climate they seem intolerable. In such dreary moments the exile, sulking in his tent, is invaded by a maddening vision of his favourite club at home. With nostalgia in his heart, he would cheerfully renounce all the eccentric joys of travel. He would even, on his return,

forego the glory of addressing the Royal Geographical Society, if he could be assured one glimpse of the Green Park, or if his ear could catch an echo of the traffic in Piccadilly. It was, no doubt, in such a mood that some Roman, whose name has not, I think, come down to fame, but who may have been exiled to the outposts of the Empire, wrote the words that have become a proverb.

Domi manere convenit felicibus.

Home-sickness is a strange affection. In all the varied panorama of travel, there are few sadder sights than this misery of exiles yearning for the Old Country. Yet there is in their lamentations always a note of insincerity. They are always shouting "There's no place like home!" This sentiment is very proper, and does credit to their heart. Yet it was they who shook the dust of home from their feet and sought to mend their fallen fortunes under other skies. Their morbid minds are always hankering after that which they have lost of their own accord. Yet this *Heimweh* is a mood that takes no denial. Curiously enough, seeing that no other nation holds what we understand by the home life less sacred, the French are the most acute sufferers from this complaint, though their longing eyes turn not to the rustic

cottage or domestic hearth, but to the beloved boulevards of their native cities. Sundered from these, the Parisian is filled with a quiet despair and with incurable loathing for the palm and cactus that hedge his villa in Algeria or his bungalow in Cochin. Those who have known the tedious experience of being tied up in the Suez Canal may perhaps recall the pathetic picture of Frenchmen in charge of the trim *gares* gazing in agony at the homeward-bound *Armand Béhic* moving majestically northward, and carrying them in imagination back to the crowded Cannebière of gay Marseilles. Men of the Latin races give way to the sadness of exile as bitterly as Ovid did at Tomi, and I have, in fishing boats rocking off the coast of California, seen Italians weep unashamed at passing mention of *bella Napoli.*

Englishmen stationed abroad, whether in the burning plains of India or on the snowbound Canadian prairie, do not as a rule wear their hearts on their sleeves any more than they would at home, and their faces are usually as impassive as that of a Chinese gardener who sees his shack carried away in a flood. Yet on rare occasions I have seen them give way to their bitterness, even as one sometimes sees a strong man weep, and once their slumbering emotions were aroused in a manner that might, but for timely intervention,

have resulted in unpleasant consequences. It was in a dreadful shanty near the mines of Charters Towers. Townsville, the nearest port, is, as I recall it sixteen years ago, no Eden, but it was to Charters Towers as Torquay to Perim.

Yet there were bearded Cornishmen who toiled there for good money, spending their evenings over cards and strong liquor of appalling quality, and even deluding themselves into a grim pretence of jollity. A shipmate, who had served his time at mining in that dreadful spot, took me one August evening to watch these exiled giants at play, and by way of making conversation I remarked that I had spent the preceding August among the red-winged pilchard boats that hover on summer nights on moonlit seas beneath the frowning Deadman. A general silence greeted this blameless reminiscence. Most of them ceased playing. Someone muttered an oath. Then, in the nick of time, my friend took me outside and explained that I had trodden on holy ground. No one spoke of home in that circle. The shutting down of one Cornish mine after another had driven them forth from the soft West Country to this thirsty outpost of hell, and they bore it bravely, but they could not brook reminder of all that they had lost. Some of them hoped against

hope that they might once more lie full length on the cliffs and watch the white gannets plunge in azure bays and hear the chapel bell on Sundays behind the harbour. Meanwhile, not a word of the Eden from which they had been expelled! The pathos of it!

Scotsmen suffer less from these regrets. The explanation of their adaptability to other environments lies in their native climate. From Aden to Alberta I have found them rooted in the soil, equally at home on sand or rock. I remember well, in British Columbia, meeting with a bony Gael who had been bred on the shores of Loch Etive, where I had often fished. There was no need whatever to evade the topic of home at his bare but hospitable table. He loved to talk of the snow on Macdhui and of the mists that veil its glens. He did not entertain the faintest hope, even if possessed by the desire, of ever again treading his native heather. Stalwart sons were growing to manhood around him; his fruit was ripening bravely for the market—what had he to regret?

Nor is the German less adaptable in exile than the Scot. More warmly attached to hearth and home than his neighbour over the Rhine, he none the less takes his banishment lightly. For this indifference two adequate reasons may be given:

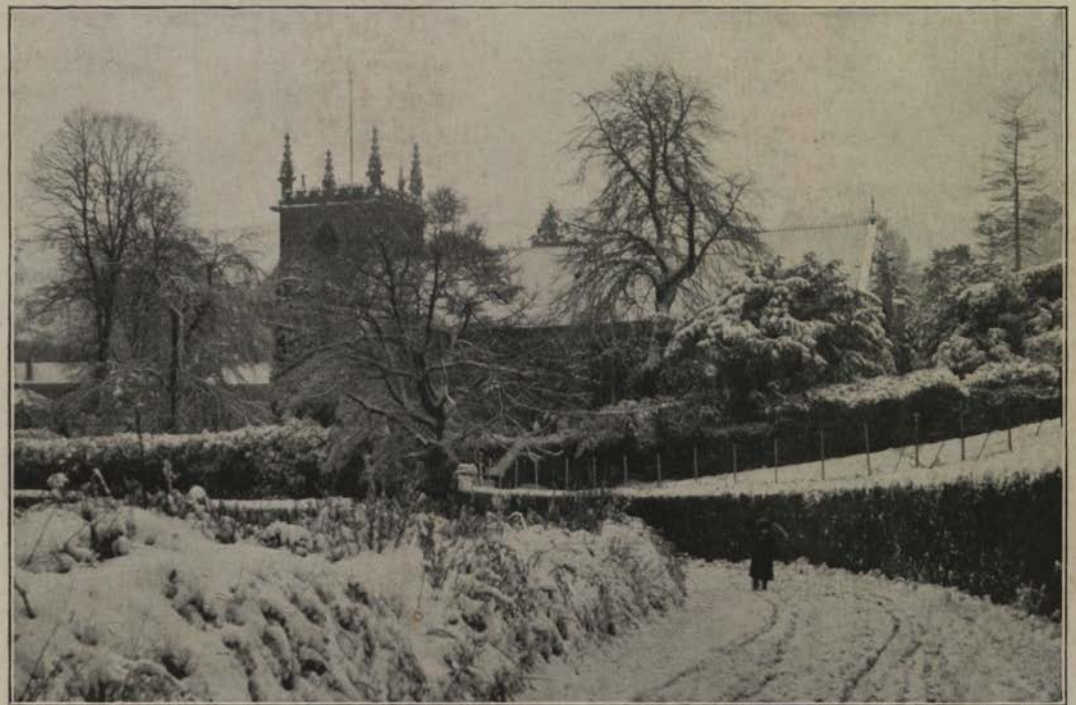
first, his eye to the main chance and his happy faculty of always putting business before pleasure; and, secondly, his hatred of conscription, to evade which he would cheerfully take up his abode on the Gulf of Guinea. There is on the shores of Lake Tahoe a German colony of these peace-lovers, to which reference has already been made. There, in the lovely Sierras, they earn good wages and do no drill. I could recall other memories of home-sick folk: an Austrian cavalry officer stationed on the Bagdad Railway in Asiatic Turkey; a sad-eyed Florentine friar who does God's work at Tiberias: a Bohemian innkeeper in the Caucasus, who consoled himself with a tank of goldfish from his old home; and yearning "Hellenes" transplanted to Turkish soil, whose race had not breathed the air of Greece for thirty generations!

In the majority of cases, however, exile was their own choosing. It is a foible of human nature to want what it cannot have. First men fret against the dullness of the old home and chafe at its lack of opportunity. They vote it played out, narrow, uninteresting. Its weather is unspeakable; its society is snobbish. Then, full of disgust, they fare overseas in search of new sensations. These may include fever, snakebite and the treachery of natives. They discover, when

it is too late, that they have merely exchanged King Log for King Stork. Then they want to go back. They cry aloud for the Old Country.

> Oh, to be in England
> Now that April's there, . . .
> . . . And after April, when May follows,
> And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Thus sang Browning, but he stayed in Italy. Such inconsistency should make the angels weep.



"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

Envoi

"Si un homme revenait à la lumière quelques années après sa mort, je doute qu'il fût revu avec joie par ceux-là mêmes qui ont versé le plus de larmes à sa mémoire—tant on forme vîte des autres liaisons—tant l'inconstance est naturelle à l'homme."

CHATEAUBRIAND: *Atala.*

SAD words these, but true. Rip Van Winkle knew the sting of them. Enoch Arden, had he not chosen the wiser part, would have learnt it too. The man who returns from long wanderings is in the same case as one back from the grave. In a lesser degree, the penalty is also demanded of Anglo-Indians in their retirement. Health undermined, friends either dead or estranged, senses bewildered by the hurry and stress of modern conditions, they are nothing better than living anachronisms, relics of a Pleistocene society, doomed to eke out their autumn amid wholly uncongenial surroundings. The East never changes; the West never stands still.

Like Coryat, the traveller may have reaped "more entire and sweet comfort" from a life of

wandering than he would have found at home. The *Wanderlust* in his blood, he had no choice but to obey the call of the road, the summons to "go and look behind the ranges." He sailed far oceans. He breathed the exalting air of the high places. He followed the course of many rivers to their goal. He uncovered in the holy places of Bible story and in the shrines of faiths already ancient when Israel came out of Egypt. He lived in tents with Bedawin of the yellow desert, and in wigwams with Red Indians of the lonely lake shores. He gazed on the inscrutable face of the Australian "Never Never," and on the unblushing pallor of the Arctic ice. According to his fancy, he unravelled the inscriptions of Assyrian monuments, or shot big game, or battled with great fishes. It was, looked back on, a life of infinite variety, of rich prizes, and of alternate disappointments that but added zest to the pursuit.

Such is the reward. And now, the price. If he be a sportsman, he will pay it without flinching. The most merciful alternative is sudden death in some beautiful spot far from home. But it is rare. More often the wanderer returns to a slower death, isolated among unsympathetic neighbours. Those who would have welcomed him with outstretched arms are in the churchyard. All their

lives they stayed at home, hating change even more than they hated sin. Yet they too, at long last, have gone the one journey that none may refuse. Though repudiating his ideals, they would, for old sake's sake, have listened patiently to the story of his wanderings. Not so the strangers who reign in their stead. These either leave him to talk to walls, or else they mock his traveller's tales, even as the ignorant Venetians scoffed at Marco Polo, dubbing him "*Millioni*" because they deemed his truths exaggerations. He has so often changed his frame that henceforth he fits in no picture. Living in the past, he is out of touch with the present. The broader view-points which his travels have bestowed are thrown away in any company of stay-at-home islanders. Through the curtain of a London fog he sees the sunset in the golden desert, or hears gentle south winds sighing in the vineyards of Italian isles, or smells the scent of orange groves in Spain. There may be balm in such hallucination, but the awakening is intolerable.

Here, then, is the end. All his days a little selfish in pursuit of his own pleasure, a little contemptuous of those content to stay at home, he moved in merry company. Well, he too is going on the shelf, and when the black camel comes kneeling at his door, he must swing out on the last

trek, with no hand to close his eyes, no voice to speed him on his way. *Mektub!* In the pride of health, he never feared solitude; let him face it like a man when his hour comes. It is the price. Only can he shirk it by dying suddenly on his travels, even as Coryat died, at Surat, after drinking sack. In his dotage, he should never have come home again. Earlier in life, yes; if he could have thrown off the intermittent fever of travel, he might have settled down in the Old Country as a useful member of society. But to creep back to the fold, spent in body and worn in mind, is a fatal error. Nobody wants him. No corner awaits him. Even those who lie under the snow must turn in their graves when at last this wandering Ishmael returns from the wilderness to be laid beside them. He has "warmed both hands against the fire of life," and the fire is out.

R.I.P.

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